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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

TWO political sensations, one major, one minor, have enlivened the week. The minor sensation was the Prime Minister's resignation from the I.L.P., followed by his denunciation of it as reported in the *Daily Herald*. "In view of what is going on," said Mr. MacDonald, "it was impossible for me to keep up my association"; and remarking that the I.L.P. had lost both its grip on Socialism and its sense of comradeship, he added: "If the salt has lost its savour it is henceforth good for nothing." That is strong language, but the incident really does no more than register in definite form a situation long apparent. It is a natural outcome of the rightward trend of Labour-in-office, it may bring one move nearer the split that sooner or later inevitably awaits the Socialist Party. Henceforth, the sniping of Messrs. Maxton and Co. may be a little bolder; or the influence of the I.L.P. may wane. But

that there will be any measurable and immediate results from Mr. MacDonald's action can be discounted. The other event—the launching of a new political party by the Bing Boys of Fleet Street—is a more momentous affair. Mr. Chesterton's Secret People complained:

They have given us into the hand of new unhappy lords  
—who, it will be remembered, fought "by shuffling papers." Mr. Chesterton is also among the prophets. We deal with some aspects of this new portent in a leading article.

M. Tardieu's unforeseen defeat in the midst of the Naval Conference has held up the affairs of the delegates for a week, and a gathering already famous for its *longueurs* becomes more protracted than ever. That the French crisis should delay the Conference is not remarkable, for the French hold the keys to the success or failure of the discussions. M. Tardieu has declared his unwillingness to form a new Government or to continue to lead the French delegation over here; he is piqued,



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and not surprisingly. But there is little prospect at the time of writing of his being succeeded by anyone whose accession would substantially alter the French attitude at the Conference.

Technicalities apart, two considerations now dominate the position, and they are closely inter-related: one is military, the other political. The French claim to a largely increased naval force, if it is pressed, will endanger the whole basis of Anglo-American parity as now meditated. Britain is a Mediterranean Power; her communications Eastwards are a much more serious problem for her than her communications Westwards. If the French persist in their figures, the Admiralty will have to revise the reductions to which they have agreed for achieving parity with America. America will not forgo parity, and thus we shall be faced with the danger of bigger building programmes and of a conference called to effect disarmament becoming an armament conference.

The one way of preventing this disaster is to bring into being some political machinery for giving teeth to the Kellogg Pact that will satisfy France on the score of "security" and so induce her to revise her figures. Italy has agreed to any figures, however low, so long as she has parity with France; on paper, she is the most ardent disarmer of the lot. How France is to be satisfied is the problem to which delegates and public opinion here and in America are addressing themselves. Kites are being flown in the States to discover whether opinion there would back a move such as that outlined last spring by Mr. Hughes for consultative machinery between the signatory Powers in an emergency endangering the Pact. Further than that, opinion on the other side of the Atlantic certainly would not go at the present time, and even if it went so far there is doubt whether the Senate would agree. Probably much would depend on the way in which the case was presented.

Meanwhile, Americans are asking why the British should not satisfy France by signing a Mediterranean Pact. You complain, they say to us in effect, of America's refusal to entangle herself in European commitments: you yourselves are much nearer Europe, much more related to her problems, why will not *you* sign a commitment that will meet the French case? The answer is that we already have one heavy commitment in Europe, the Locarno Treaty (not to mention the Covenant of the League) and that commitments that drag a third party into disputes on one side or the other, though it may have no concern in them, are apt to become very onerous and unenviable responsibilities. Still, it is possible the time may come when we shall have to begin asking ourselves which is the worse evil: more commitments, or more armaments?

Elsewhere we publish an article from a correspondent with special knowledge of the Soviet campaign against religion. The official "interview" with the Metropolitan Sergius and clerics of the Russian Church, which was given to the world last Sunday, was about as specious a piece of fake as we have read. Not that the statements

attributed to the Metropolitan were not made by him: they probably were. But that they represented his real views and were not dictated by pressure of circumstances is frankly incredible. Either the interview was "rigged" or the Metropolitan is a much better Bolshevik than he is a Christian. The Churches here and everywhere are perfectly right to protest: in fact, their silence was unthinkable. The difficulty is that protest remains so ineffective, and that it may even occasion an intensification of the trouble.

There is a possibility that in future the British Industries Fair will not merely wait for the world to come to it but will go to the world. The new committee set up by the President of the Board of Trade is to **examine, among other questions**, that of a subsidiary travelling fair either in ships or in trains and that of holding the main fair, either as a whole or by sections, in certain foreign cities. Of the value of a well-organized industries fair in two or three great foreign centres there can be no doubt. Such an enterprise is the more needed because individual British concerns, with few exceptions, do not carry on effective propaganda abroad. Complaints of unqualified personal representation, of failure to give prices and quantities in the terms familiar to the foreign purchaser, and of a take-it-or-leave-it attitude are common, and do not seem to decrease. What the British manufacturer seldom does individually may be done by collective action under guidance. And this much may still be claimed for British manufactures, that they have only to be examined for their solid merits to become evident.

The Government's intention of introducing their Bill to raise the school age this session is now possibly to be abandoned. Their programme is crowded, but that is not the only reason behind the desire for delay. Back bench Labour members are resenting the proposal to impose a "means test" on parents before they shall become eligible for the compensation to be paid for children kept at school an extra year; and the Chancellor, who is already faced with difficulties enough in the framing of his Budget, is set against any relaxation of the test, which would inevitably run him in for more money. So the Bill is likely to be postponed. But the real point of interest is not the postponement but the cause of it. The Left Wing has once again put its spoke in the Government's wheel. Its objection to the means test on the ground that it would be "inquisitorial" is fatuous. Mr. Snowden is perfectly right to stand firm in his opposition to the removal of the test; it is time someone pulled up short this dangerous sentimentality which regards every member of the working classes as entitled to something for nothing without qualification or investigation. It is uneconomic, and it is ruinous not only to the finances but to the *moral* of a people.

Mr. Gandhi's plan of civil disobedience has a certain ingenuity, in that it is designed to shift from the central organization the responsibility for the disorders which are bound to result from what begins as passive resistance. But if ingenious in one way, he is singularly ingenuous in another. In the same breath he preaches "non-violence"

and provides for the continuance of the work when local leaders are arrested in consequence of violence. Experience of his previous campaign has not taught him to refrain from the dangerous folly of passive resistance, recommended to the credulous masses by allegations which bring the Government into contempt and hatred; but it has apparently taught him that violence is inevitable. Nothing much will come of his plan yet awhile. Nominally, he will wait for the expiration of his impudent ultimatum to the Government of India, and for the results of the Congress Committee's meeting on March 21 at which stock is to be taken of the whole situation. Actually, he is obliged to play for time till some event sufficiently agitates his potential following to give him an opportunity for a raging campaign. The Simon Commission's report may seem to him to provide the desired opportunity. Meanwhile, some of his former adherents, consisting of members of the Congress who either refused to resign from the legislature or who obediently resigned only to regret it on the morrow, are forming a party hostile to him under Mr. Chaman Lall.

The Charing Cross Bridge Bill has been subjected to some damaging criticism on its second reading. Sir Martin Conway summed it up as a measure which would intensify the site famine in Westminster, increase congestion in the Strand, put the new railway station in the wrong place, and involve spending £15,000,000 on a new bridge while wasting assets which might pay for the bridge. In the end, the Bill was carried by 230 votes to 62. This is a matter in which the House of Commons, if represented by such voting, is out of touch with informed opinion in London. We will not reiterate the opinions expressed here by Mr. D. S. MacColl and by us. The feeling, outside Parliament, is increasingly that the worst possible use is being made of the site across the river. The Minister of Transport may assume that the new tunnels will not be miasmic holes but "gloriously lighted highways," and that, though the architecture is limited by traffic considerations, within those limits Sir Edwin Lutyens has had free play. The fact remains that future development of the area between Waterloo and the river is hopelessly hampered by the scheme.

Mr. Shaw indicts the unofficial film censorship because it has banned a production intended to warn girls of the "white slave" trade and to acquaint them with the agencies to which they can turn for advice and help. All censorships are more or less stupid, because the morality of books, plays, films, and all other representations of human life depends not on the subject chosen but on the spirit in which that subject is treated, and a censorship is forced, by pressure of work if nothing else, to operate by taking note of the subject, which is obvious, instead of the spirit, which may be elusive. We need not be surprised that a film censorship which passes a good deal of vulgar and demoralizing night-club stuff should make a rule of rejecting any and every film which deals with the "white slave" traffic. But, though in a way we agree with Mr. Shaw, we cannot fully share his noble indignation. For we must ask whether, the particular case apart, a

succession of well-intentioned "white slave" films would really do more good than harm. The trouble with the film is that it is directly apprehensible, whereas in literature the actions of the characters can be apprehended only through the words of their creator, which is to say, through his mind. We cannot see Tess except with Thomas Hardy's eyes, but we can spy on the persons of the film as if we were watching them in actual life, with only our own poor vision. The point is one too often forgotten in discussing the morality of the films.

The victories over Scotland and Ireland have put the French Rugby fifteen in high fettle and they arrived in England on Wednesday with great hopes and a gallon of wine per man. To-day's game at Twickenham is likely to be very keen and close. The significant feature of this season's International matches has been the lowness and evenness of the scoring. In two victories the French have only scored twelve points all told, and there is no reason to suppose that their team is superlative. The general level of skill of this year has not been high, particularly in attack, and fortune has had an unusual amount to do with the snatched triumphs of the games so far played. France has been promising so long to be at the top of the table that her good start this year has caused the greatest enthusiasm across the Channel and even the keenest English partisan will not be too despondent if Twickenham confirms the French lead. It is their turn to have their dash rewarded. If England goes down, France should be supreme and unbeaten, unless the Welsh can discover far better form than they have shown hitherto.

Our Agricultural Correspondent writes:—"Birmingham is to have a 'National Mark Beef Week,' starting next Monday. A personal letter, signed by the Minister, is to be sent to some thousands of housewives; hotel and restaurants are to be canvassed, and a lively correspondence in the Birmingham Press has already been set going. Interest generally is to be whipped up, for, although the scheme has made progress in Birmingham, apathy and indifference have prevented it from becoming as successful as it might have been by now. But the best news of all is that the county branches of the N.F.U. that supply most of the fat stock to Birmingham are forming advisory committees to assist in the scheme. No one stands to profit more by National Mark Beef than the farmers. Apart from such direct advantages as enabling their beef to meet foreign competition on fair ground, there are enormous possibilities in the scheme for reducing marketing costs. But, beyond tepid acceptance of the idea generally, the producers have been behaving until now as if the scheme had nothing to do with them, but was simply invented to amuse the Ministry of Agriculture. One group of producers, in fact, referring to the efforts the Ministry were making to break the butchers' boycott in London, actually said: 'We are watching these developments with great interest'! Could one imagine the directors of a patent food company in similar circumstances just 'watching with great interest' the efforts of the State to make people buy their food?"

## EXPRESS TO PARADISE

WHILE Mr. Graham is busy in Geneva trying to arrange on behalf of his Government an international truce for tariffs, at home the prospect of increasing tariffs has been raised by the launching of Lord Beaverbrook's United Empire Party, and Lord Rothermere's adherence to it. The Empire Free Trade campaign made it plain some time ago that tariffs would play a part in the next election. Unless something dramatic and unexpected occurs in the interval it now seems likely that that part will be an important one. Faced with this situation, the first thing to do is to try to estimate what chances Lord Beaverbrook's scheme has of success. Or rather, since it can have no chance of absolute success, what effects its relative success may have on the fortunes of other parties.

Mr. Baldwin's Coliseum speech made it certain that a man of Lord Beaverbrook's sanguine impatience would be unable to give further support to official Conservatism. We said at the time that the resolution passed immediately following that speech by the Empire Crusade Committee was in effect an act of repudiation. So it has turned out to be. We hardly expected the next step to be so sudden and complete. While Lord Beaverbrook remained nominally aloof from parties, propagating his belief in the Empire as an economic unit, he was fulfilling a useful function. Even those who cannot foresee the possibility within any practicable future of an Imperial Free Trade entity such as he proposes can agree that there was value in his focusing attention more closely on the Empire and on the opportunities it affords for co-ordination and expansion. But for it, for example, Mr. Baldwin and the Central Office would probably not have gone so far as they did so soon as they have. But now that Lord Beaverbrook has kicked over the traces and burst precipitately upon the world as the leader of a new party, while we may admire his courage we cannot but deplore his impatience.

It is his own fault if honest men wonder what his motives may be. What can he hope to do at the next election—which may come now at any time? The United Empire Party: it is a good name, cleverly chosen. "Vote for United Empire"—it has the sound of a football team and may gain by that popular appeal. So far Lord Beaverbrook has enrolled 200,000 followers. Not very many among an electorate of 28,000,000, a mere handful—a couple of cup-tie crowds. And they have still to find the teams. Lord Rothermere, who seemed until this week destined to play stand-off half to the movement but has now joined the scrum, tells us in one place that the United Empire is to run 200 candidates (50 of his very own) and in another that it is to contest half the constituencies in the country. Even adopting his more modest figure this means, on the present membership, 1,000 votes per candidate—which promises a rich harvest of forfeited deposits. This of course presupposes the enrolment of enough candidates to cover the field. Candidates of a sort can always be secured; there are usually a number of Mr. Hailwoods ready to rush in. On this point Lord Rothermere not only pledges the readers of his chief paper in advance

to the provision of an organization and fighting fund, he undertakes to run fifty candidates and issues a call for recruits. If they cannot afford to pay their own election expenses, the new party will defray them. What kind of candidates they will get from this highways-and-hedges method of recruitment has yet to be seen. Both Press Lords have plenty of energy and enthusiasm, and between them they can supply all the money any cause could need. Are these things enough?

One interesting thing this campaign will do. It will prove finally whether or not the popular Press of to-day has any real political influence. Naturally the 200,000 "Founder Members" of the Empire Crusade are only a beginning. It is not an altogether insignificant nucleus. The roll of Crusaders has been closed—why, is not quite clear—but the new party will no doubt concentrate on proselytization and Lord Rothermere is already calling for the second 200,000. Even so the combined figures will represent very much less than ten per cent. of the combined circulations of the papers controlled by the two peers. The numbers will have to be a great deal bigger than this to be impressive—or effective. Very possibly they will be. The *Express* has opened a campaign fund, and money can do a great deal. The real point is not whether the new party can come to anything, but what it can do if it does.

To return for a moment to the question of candidates. Now that a new party has been launched, what of the Conservatives, members or prospective members, who have already declared for the Crusade? Will they remain Conservatives or become U.E.P.'s? Lord Beaverbrook is said to claim some thirty of them; if this is so, they have still to declare themselves. The only member definitely to fight and be elected under his banner—Sir John Ferguson, at Twickenham (where within three months he reduced a majority of 6,000 to one of 500)—has hastily declared his intention of remaining under Mr. Baldwin. The outlook, so far as the Conservative Party is concerned, is not at present promising for Lord Beaverbrook. Mr. MacCurdy on behalf of United Empire has issued an appeal to Liberals. In that quarter we shall believe in a response worthy of the name when we have evidence of it. Among Socialists? The promoters are careful to explain that the new party is a non-party party: it is not political, it is economic. But in politics a party must be political.

And that brings us to a vital question: What is to be the policy of the United Empire Party on other political topics? Empire Free Trade cannot occupy the entire time of even a Parliament elected specifically to introduce it, supposing the improbable to happen. How will the U.E.'s speak and vote on other subjects? As Conservatives, as Liberals, or as Socialists? If the reply be, "As U.E.'s," we ask, "What is a U.E.?" Apart from Empire Free Trade he would seem to have no reason for a separate existence, and a party cannot be called into being and remain in being with no identifiable policy on any subject but one, especially when that one is impossible of realization in the lifetime of any single Parliament. Nor is it hopeful that the leader comes forward first and then proceeds to create something to lead.

To be vital a movement must be spontaneous, and there are few signs of popular clamour for Lord Beaverbrook's scheme.

Still, supposing their faith to be justified, what can the new leaders hope to do? At the very best they cannot hope to win more than fifty or sixty seats. Assuming they get these—it is a big assumption—where will they get them from? According to Lord Rothermere they are to concentrate mainly on the south. That is where Conservative strength is greatest. They can only hope to reap votes where there is dissatisfaction with the official Conservative policy for not going far and fast enough: in other words, their chief hope lies in splitting the Conservative Party. If they can detach not only votes but candidates from Conservatism that will improve their prospects. The more successfully they split Conservatism the more successful they will be. Yes, but successful in what? *In letting Labour in.*

That is the ironic paradox of the new situation. Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere are never tired of reiterating the perils that would await the country if it were to come under the control of Socialism in power as well as office. By their new policy they are taking the shortest cut to bringing their nightmares true. The United Empire Party could make no real impression on the Socialist majorities of the North. The Liberals it would, if anything, help: the one cry that has any force left in rallying the demoralized ranks of Liberalism to-day is the cry of taxes on food. Within the last eight years the thing has been tried and brought the party that tried it to disaster. If it is tried again it will bring the same party to disaster, and to disaster of a magnitude proportionate to its own success. Do Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere (who are presumably Conservatives) want to see Socialism safely in the saddle for anything from the next five to the next fifteen years? There is one sure way of doing it, and that is by splitting the Conservative Party or splitting the Conservative vote. At their most consolidated the forces of Conservatism will have a hard struggle for the next few years to overtake the pace Labour is making in the constituencies. Divided, even a little, they can have no hope of success.

On its present showing Lord Beaverbrook's new party seems the surest means of entrenching the Socialists in power. It has even managed to create an impression, possibly quite erroneously, that it is anti-Baldwin first and pro-Empire only second.

## MURDER AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

THE Select Committee which Mr. Clynes set up after the debate on Capital Punishment last autumn has heard some interesting evidence, and there now seems to be some chance of an agreed project of reform. It is hardly likely to include the abolition of capital punishment. The retributive conception of punishment is now abandoned by nearly all of us, and clearly the death penalty does not reform, but the belief that

it acts as a deterrent is hard to shake. It is held strongly, for example, by Dr. Methven, the very humane Governor of Maidstone Prison, who gave evidence this week. He believes that if the death penalty were abolished for killing, more thieves would arm themselves. The risk of a longer sentence if they were caught would not outweigh the improved chance of escape as does the risk of execution.

One is bound to respect the opinion of those who have opportunities of observing the criminal mind. After all, is not the objection to capital punishment less one of theory than of the particular instance? There are some murders so heinous that everyone is prepared to forget his principled objections to capital punishment; on the other hand, there are few of us, however strongly we may believe in the retention of the death sentence, who do not revolt against its infliction in particular cases. If that be so, the real point at issue is not whether the death penalty should be retained or abolished, but whether we ought not to make changes in the law of homicide: retain the death penalty for murder that is most foul, and abolish it for murder that is less foul.

Here no question of theory arises, for the law, by its distinction between murder and manslaughter, already acknowledges that in killing there are degrees of wickedness and of danger to society. Dr. Methven proposes that we should extend our definition of manslaughter so as to make it include certain forms of homicide that are now murder. But it would be a pity to blur the clear distinction that now exists between murder and manslaughter. Murder is killing with malice aforethought; manslaughter is killing without malice aforethought, and the legal distinction corresponds to a clear moral difference. Instead of extending the definition of manslaughter, it would be better to distinguish between different degrees of murder, for even where there has been premeditation, all killing is not equally heinous. It will be objected, perhaps, that the law already recognizes that through the prerogative of mercy in the Crown. In the days when you could be hanged for stealing more than five shillings from a person, the exercise of this prerogative was one of the most serious duties of the Crown. It is one of the good things to be said for George IV that he would never, if he could help it, let anyone be hanged for anything but murder. But to magnify the office of mercy is to detract from the respect that is due to law and justice.

At present, the sentence of death has to be passed in many cases in which everyone knows that it will not be carried out, and that weakens the majesty of justice. Moreover, juries acquire the bad habit of anticipating the prerogative of mercy and finding against the facts. There are old cases in which, to prevent the death sentence, juries found that stolen property worth hundreds of pounds was worth less than five shillings. In Lancashire to-day it is not easy to get juries to convict in cases of abortion. Wherever there is a gap between the state of the law and of the public conscience, justice is apt to become uncertain and capricious. We need periodic revision of our criminal code so as to bring conscience and the law into accord, and the agitation against capital punishment is probably a sign less

of principled objection to the death penalty in all cases, much more of revulsion against both sentence and execution in some cases. Certain changes in the law of murder are becoming dangerously overdue.

Murder can be premeditated without provocation, premeditated with provocation, premeditated and agreed between the homicide and his victim (as, for example, in suicide pacts or in fatal abortion); or, though premeditated, it may have been committed under such conditions of acute distress that some of its guilt was purged (as, for example, with an unmarried mother who kills her child). In all these cases the judge has now no alternative but to pass the sentence of death if the jury returns a verdict of Guilty. The simplest change of the law would be to confine this obligation to murder of the first degree—premeditated and without provocation. This would retain the death penalty for the foulest murder and for murder done in the commission of dangerous felonies such as robbery with violence, burglary or housebreaking. In some examples, even of murder of the first degree, there may be a case for the exercise of mercy, but none (except under a theory of punishment which is not generally accepted) against the passing of the death sentence.

In all cases of murder, it should be the duty of the jury to find to which of the categories into which murder is divided by the new law the murder which it has tried belongs. In all but the first category of murder in the first degree, the judge should be given a certain latitude in the sentence that he pronounces. Whether he should be allowed to pronounce the sentence of death where the jury has brought in a verdict of guilty of murder but not of the first degree, or whether the death sentence should be abolished by law in these cases is, after all, a matter of detail rather than of principle. The existence of the Court of Criminal Appeal, to which all capital sentences now go almost as a matter of course, has made possible a latitude that without it might have been most dangerous.

## THE COMEDY OF WESTMINSTER

*House of Commons, Thursday*

NOTHING is more unpleasant than the hours before an illness declares itself. Those who remember in their childish days the horrible discomfort of "sickening for measles" and the subsequent relief when, spotted but at ease, they retired into nursery quarantine, will appreciate the satisfaction with which Conservative members greeted the announcement that Lord Beaverbrook has formed a "new Party." The Empire Crusade carried on inside the Conservative ranks might have become a disintegrating force: the formation by two Fleet Street Peers of a new party in the State is unadulterated comedy. It will be interesting to see how long it survives. There was not so long ago a National Party. "Where is dat party now?" Only political archæologists recollect even the names of its leaders. Meanwhile Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere deserve our thanks for helping to enliven a dull week.

Dull as it has been, it produced, nevertheless, one interesting and important debate. On Thursday the amalgamation proposals introduced into the Coal Mines

Bill received a second reading discussion. As a debate it was one-sided. The adherents of compulsory amalgamation have a case of which little could be made. Mr. Graham introduced his new clauses in a speech so thin and chilly as to give support to the rumour that the deal with Mr. Lloyd George had been done by the Prime Minister over the head and without the knowledge of his lieutenant. Sir Herbert Samuel also confined himself to the vaguest asseverations as to the economic merits of amalgamation of mines. Sir Robert Horne exposed with great power and knowledge how unsubstantial were the foundations for the belief in its virtues. Mr. Runciman was not less damaging, while Major Colville and Mr. Osbert Peake, two new members who are a most valuable addition to the Conservative forces, helped materially to complete the exposure. It was remarkable that from first to last there was no attempt made by supporters to put forward even the most general estimate of the financial benefits to be derived by the industry. The incapacity of a large assembly to deal with practical business matters in a practical and business-like spirit could not have been more clearly exemplified. It is safe to say that, on the evidence supplied, no one who voted for the scheme, had he been dealing in private with his own affairs, would have agreed to the amalgamation of two coffee-stalls.

Friday, which brings with it Private Members' Bills, was devoted to a Socialist Bill to enable Local Authorities to carry on any business within their areas which can be carried on by a company. The debate would not have been more noteworthy than those of other Fridays, had it not been for a quite excellent speech by Sir Kingsley Wood, who is as effective in opposition as he was efficient in office. His chaff of the co-operative members for supporting a Bill which, if passed, would be the prime enemy of their own movement, could not have been bettered. But the co-operative support of Socialist proposals is an unfathomable mystery, and, though the Government benches clearly wanted to see the Bill talked out, when a division was insisted on by the Unionists, Co-operators and Socialists alike rallied to the support of a Bill which everyone knows is unworkable.

Mental Treatment and Road Transport are both important subjects, but they did not raise a ripple of interest in the House on Monday and Tuesday, and the discussion was left to the respective experts who, so far as the unregenerate could see by an occasional visit to the Chamber, were carrying on their oratorical evolutions at goose-step pace.

Mr. Herbert Morrison was admirable in introducing the Road Transport Bill. He is the ablest of the younger Ministers, has made his way at once into the respect of the House and gives on the Government Bench the pleasant impression of a clear head, much practical efficiency, and, most particularly, an absence of that vanity to which most of his colleagues are martyrs.

He pleased the House, too, on Wednesday when he wound up the debate on the Charing Cross Bridge Bill, which, after his speech, passed its second reading by a large majority. Nor was his the only good speech that day. For in a private member's motion on the effect of taxation upon industry, both the mover and the seconder, Mr. Henry Mond and Mr. Boothby, made speeches which showed a wide range of thought. So good were they, indeed, that the Labour back benches listened almost with patience to the discussion and analysis of economic principles and ideas.

FIRST CITIZEN

## MOSCOW AND THE CHURCHES

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

THE most interesting feature of the campaign which the Churches are conducting against religious persecution in Russia is the attitude of Moscow itself. To English people who have no personal experience of present-day Russia and have a genuine desire to make allowances for the misguided enthusiasms of the Bolsheviks, the reaction of the Soviet Government to the accusations which have been levelled against it will be almost incomprehensible.

As in all matters of policy, the attitude of Moscow is double-headed. This capacity for facing two ways at once has become so much a habit that it is now more unconscious than deliberate. To the outside world Soviet Russia makes no admission of religious persecution. No one in Russia, declares Rykoff officially, is persecuted for the practice of his religious beliefs. The Soviet Government is atheistic, and its tolerance towards religion ceases when practisants make use of their religion as a cloak for anti-Bolshevist propaganda. In maligning the Bolsheviks the Pope is revealing his community of interests with the capitalists and the Archbishop of Canterbury is lending himself to the machinations of the *émigrés* and the would-be interventionists.

Although this mild apologia studiously ignores the fact that the political attitude of the Bolsheviks towards religion makes it almost impossible for any Russian to practise his beliefs without being guilty of a political offence, it is not without effect on Radical opinion in foreign countries, and even on advanced Christian thought, which regards the village priests in Russia more in the nature of Ju-Ju men than of enlightened teachers of the Christian truths. There are even Christian Socialists in this country who have drawn unfavourable comparisons between the attitude of our own Government and that of the Bolsheviks towards the Church.

These perverted apologists would be less tolerant if they could study the anti-religious fare which is served up by the Bolshevik Government for the consumption of its own subjects. Not even in the darkest days of the French Revolution has such vulgar blasphemy been countenanced by a Government which claims for itself the same courtesies and the same privileges as exist between other civilized Governments. Since the Pope's action the official Bolshevik Press has been flooded with the profanest diatribes and drawings that the wit of penman and cartoonist can imagine. In an illiterate country like Russia the cartoon is a more powerful weapon of propaganda than a leading article, and it has been left to the picture artists to record the greatest blasphemies.

The shafts of their sacrilegious wit have been directed mainly against the British and French Governments. M. Tardieu is represented as a chef dishing up a menu of anti-Soviet *canards*. Lord Brentford, in the garb of a burglar, has an honoured place beside the Mexicans in the picture gallery of Soviet rogues. Mr. Baldwin is portrayed as the perfect thermometer registering the boiling-point of indignation while he reads the attacks on religion in the Soviet Press. However offensive they may be, these caricatures are attacks on human beings. They spare the Deity. Not all the Bolshevik cartoonists are so considerate. A few days ago the pictorial virtuoso of the *Pravda* excelled himself in his execution of a masterpiece entitled 'The Complaint: Bureau of the English Conservative Party.' In the foreground is a weeping and toothless figure surrounded by a halo on which are inscribed the words "God the Father." Close

by are Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain, the former reading a news sheet with the headlines, "Anti-religious Movement in Russia," the latter pouring out a glass of milk. Listening intently to the lamentations of the central figure are Mr. Churchill and Lord Brentford.

Moscow's internal reaction to the denunciation of the Churches is not merely abusive: it is intended to serve an educative purpose. And as the execution of the five-year industrial plan and of the collectivization of the farms is at present foremost in the Bolshevik mind, Moscow propagandists have endeavoured not only to work up indignation against what they consider the unwarranted interference of the Churches but also to divert that indignation to the useful end of speeding up production. Flaming captions inform the worker and the peasant that the campaign of the Churches is merely the skirmish which precedes an armed intervention by all the capitalist powers. The reason for that intervention is the jealousy of capitalism of the wonderful success of industrialization in Russia. And to remind the same worker and the same peasant of the rapidity of this success, they are shown a photograph of a carburettor made from the church-bells of a depleted monastery! The *Pravda* announces:

The rapid development of industrialization and collectivization and the liquidation of the Kulaks as a class have destroyed for ever all the illusions and the hopes of the Imperialists that Soviet Russia will revert to capitalism. This naturally leads to a new accentuation of the hate and rage of all the capitalist world against Russia.

"Be on your guard," thunders the *Izvestia*, "and deliver more tractors." "Sow more seeds" re-echoes the *Pravda*.

There is something elemental in these attacks which are directed with equal violence against the Conservatives and against the members of the present British Government. They are rendered more effective by the machinery of modern civilization, but their inspiration comes from the remote Middle Ages. It may be that the Communist leaders in Russia are genuinely obsessed with the fear of foreign intervention. It is certain that they exploit that fear to the utmost among their own subjects. What the ultimate reaction will be time alone will show, but already it seems clear that the action of the Churches will not have the effect of alleviating the lot of the Christian believers in Russia. The sole consequence of that action is likely to be an aggravation of the persecution which already exists.

There is a lesson in this episode, which should be studied by optimists in all parties who fondly imagine that relations with Russia can be conducted on the same principles which govern relations between other countries. Expediency may dictate a case for trade relations with Russia. It is even possible to argue that diplomatic recognition renders Russia more innocuous than a policy of ostracism. But the ways of Russia are not our ways, and, as long as her present leaders are in power, they never will be. Not to recognize this fact is to reduce our Russian policy to a contest between fools.

## LIGHT ON THE FILM TRADE

## II—PUBLICITY AND THE PICTURE

PUBLICITY for film productions is an American rather than a British institution. The process known as "putting over" a new production may be roughly classified under three headings: the advertising or "exploitation" of the film itself and of the stars connected with it; secondly, of the industry as a whole, its latest technical developments and financial movements, its leading personalities, authors,

scenario writers, directors, art directors, camera men and the background of Hollywood, Long Island and "locations" (these two methods sometimes overlapping) and, thirdly, newspaper publicity, together with theatre propaganda from the foreign renters and distributors, or from the particular centre where the film is shown. Ten per cent., roughly speaking, of the effectiveness of a new film, it is held, depends on its publicity—"the life-blood of the industry."

In a campaign designed for an important production such as 'The Jazz Singer,' 'Rio Rita' or 'The Taming of the Shrew,' the preparation is elaborate, with roots running deep into many soils. The attack opens, let us say, with the announcement that the "tremendous stage success," 'Women and War,' which ran for two years on Broadway or at the Egyptian Theatre, Hollywood, is about to go into production. Executives of the World Picture Corporation (it is said) are conferring on the subject, and a famous director is on his way from Berlin to start production. All this, observe, strikes the note of importance, of absorption in a great task, of straining towards the object, which is the foundation of the publicity campaign. Good publicity for films assumes that the world is listening with bated breath to every item of news offered to it. That nobody is interested except, possibly, the readers of *Girl's Gossip* and the inhabitants of Wardour Street, does not matter. The campaign proceeds with accumulating energy and grandeur. What is known as a "teaser campaign" may be opened in London, now much imitated in other directions. Mysterious letters, ominous dates, forlorn and unsupported question-marks appear in the Press, and the public is "teased" into enquiring their meaning.

Following these preliminaries, a "world *première*," a cosmic first-night, is arranged, and the star of the production with many whispers that she may or may not be able to attend, appears "in person." A recent example was the arrival of Miss Gloria Swanson for the "world *première*" of 'The Trespasser,' and I recall the mobbing she received from an hysterical crowd of "fans" at the New Gallery Cinema. All this had its expected echo in the Press. Before the film is shown there will probably be given a dinner of the kind described in my previous article, to which a long list of society and other notabilities, whose names have already been forwarded to the newspapers, will be invited. Besides these, the critics are of almost secondary importance, and I have seen eminent journalists at first-nights asked to "move up one" in favour of some social celebrity who afterwards declared himself or herself to have "thoroughly enjoyed" the occasion, but who has actually contributed nothing to it but snobbery. As a result of this high seasoning, leavened and solidified by "every important member of the trade," and, if we are lucky, every important wine from the cellar, the reports on the following day speak of a "sensational triumph," and the cables instantly report the affair in *cliché* form to New York—"smashing success," "colossal triumph," "unprecedented scenes," "acclaimed by Press and public," and so forth. It is predicted that the film will run for weeks. Thus a receptive mood is built up for forthcoming audiences. More important still, this uproar of interest has its reverberations in the provinces, and in due course advertisements will appear announcing "the show that broke every box-office record in London at the Piazza Theatre"—a statement which cannot but enhance the prestige of the exhibitor.

Side by side with these onslaughts the "personal angle" in propaganda has been developed. Does Pola Negri weep for her prince, it is reported as if Antony wept for Cleopatra. Should Clara Bow utter a few private and preposterous thoughts on marriage, fluently

scribbled down by her Press agent, the world hears of it. All is propaganda for the films. Finally, a regular revenue amounting to many thousands of pounds a week is expended on the usual advertisements in the Press, backed up by innumerable stories for the use of critics and news editors. Any story will do. A favourite, indeed, a "chestnut," is that which exploits the need for experts in film production. It will be said, for example, that in order to have the absolutely correct atmosphere for 'Princes in Pawn,' the director has made a special visit to the Tower of London to see the actual cell in which the young princes were murdered. Actors and actresses, as is well known, suffer agonies for their art, Mary Pickford "sacrificing" her curls, Monte Blue, shall we suppose, suffering a three days' growth of beard, for the parts they are to play. However imbecile the story, it has its value, for it is a well-grounded principle of film exploitation that it does not matter what is said so long as something is said. The unforgivable thing is silence.

To carry this scheme into the provinces amazing publicity documents are sometimes prepared, known as "exploitation sheets," containing pictures, interviews and "write-ups" on every conceivable topic connected with the film, each prepared in form and style for the editor to put ready-made into his paper. All he needs is a pair of scissors and a shortage of copy. Thus, with other methods of a picturesque kind, of which space forbids mention, a continuous enfilade of publicity is shot from the studios and the world unceasingly reminded of its cinema obligations. In England, these methods are imitated but by no means equalled. Pictorially, and in the capacity for discovering news and developing our artistic talent, we are hopelessly behind-hand. Many of the tales sent out for publication are of not only an incredible triviality, but are written in execrable English conforming to no known laws of composition, grammar or punctuation. Nor is allowance made for psychological differences between the American and the English public. It is assumed that the imbecilities swallowed on the other side will be equally relished over here, and the volume of trash poured out as a chronicle of progress in the British studios reflects with devastating accuracy the second-rateness in intelligence and organization of which we are constantly accused.

What effect have these campaigns upon the mind of the public and upon the quality of the film; how far do they justify, how far falsify, the value of the entertainment? For it is axiomatic that a good production will always find its public, and if this be true, why should such efforts be made to "boost" pictures of high quality such as America usually gives us? The answer is simple and will occur to everybody. Bigger money follows the well-advertised film. Publicity is the sword and armour of the industry, and yields the rose flung as reward to the contestants. Money has made the American industry, and the lack of it, among other things, has held back our own.

The effect of publicity on the quality of the picture is more questionable. While a good film derives benefit, a bad picture is credited with an entertainment value it does not possess. But of the value of the American weapon as a sort of spring-board for the whole industry, there cannot be a doubt.

The Warner Brothers "put over" talking films as much by their relentless publicity campaign as by the novelty of the new technique. For parallel, one might mention the extraordinary result of advertisement upon the Italian Art Exhibition, which, though carried out with greater dignity, is in principle the same. Yet the method, if applied too recklessly, works a subtle degradation upon the thing advertised.

Assume that in the cause of pictorial art, artists were compelled to give away prizes at ice-rinks; to offer their views on marriage, love, shingled hair, mixed bathing, and so forth; to be photographed in every conceivable attitude of dress and undress; to use every make of face-cream and declare each the best; to give away signed photographs of themselves to every ignorant schoolgirl and parlour-maid—assume this, and what sane man can doubt its effect upon the arts and their traditions? The cinema, bastard of art and commerce, has its own codes and victories, and the vulgarity of its advertising is an exact reflection of them. To attempt to improve these conditions by an appeal to higher standards is merely to betray ignorance of cinema history and showmanship, as vain as any attempt to introduce handicrafts into mass production. The root of the matter lies not in the advertisement but in the thing advertised, in those who work for it and produce it. In a future article an examination will be made of the mind behind the film and the ideals, whatever they are, by which it is inspired.

V. S.

## WHAT ARE THE UNIVERSITIES FOR?

By E. M. NICHOLSON

“A UNIVERSITY, to put it bluntly,” says Sir Charles Grant Robertson, in one of the latest additions to Benn’s Sixpenny Library\*, “is a factory for the production of a particular type of product; it cannot produce that product of the proper degree of quality unless it has the proper supply of the right kind of raw material, the trained staff and equipment for shaping the raw material into the finished article, and has the market in the nation which will consume the article when produced.” We could hardly hope to find the modern American behaviourist standpoint more neatly and uncompromisingly applied; the one disturbing thing about it is that instead of coming from a worthy captain of industry or a doctrinaire Socialist, this delightful analogy is the work of the Vice-Chancellor of one of our foremost modern Universities. It would be natural, but at the same time definitely unfair, to assume that the conception of the “raw material” having anything resembling a soul, and any part in its own shaping, was as foreign to the author’s outlook as to any transatlantic organizer of prosperity. In his references to the medieval ideal and to the lessons of the London fiasco, and even more so where State interference is concerned, he shows himself an emphatic believer in the old tradition. But this conjunction of heretical practice and doctrinal soundness is not particularly reassuring. It would scarcely be unjust to say that one-half of ‘The British Universities’ consists of an eloquent protest against the growing subordination to the State and Industry, while the other half consists of miscellaneous suggestions for carrying the modern trend to its logical conclusion. And this, in fact, is precisely the situation in which almost all the universities which have not actually surrendered to purely material ideals now find themselves, standing precariously astride the widening gap between traditional integrity and economic compulsion.

Since Napoleonic times the Universities have steadily grown both in numbers and in individual size. They have been enabled to do this both by the army of potential recruits trained through the equally flourishing secondary schools and by their

success in getting a stranglehold on a variety of additional professions, including old ones like medicine and purely modern ones like engineering. This last process still continues with their assault on industry, commerce, the Army and Air Force, and locally on journalism, drama, and so on. Thus the tendency of the last hundred years has been for them to change from cultural backgrounds against which a more or less leisured class can fit itself for the church, education, or “public life” in the direction of the fearful sausage-machines described by the Vice-Chancellor of Birmingham in my first sentence. Each time that they turn their attention to more and more “practical” and specialized careers they must themselves take another step in the same direction; there is only one way by which the Universities can capture a profession—namely, by being able to show repeatedly that they can put graduates into it who within a reasonable time will outclass comparable men who entered it the moment they left school. And since it is clear that, however brilliant and well-educated, the man who has never seen a hydro-electric plant or an aeroplane is likely to be at a disadvantage against the technician, however illiterate, there is an almost irresistible temptation for the University to compromise by attempting so far as possible to give its graduates both advantages at once when they enter what I must here call the labour market.

Now in itself this tendency is legitimate, even admirable; how else can mankind combine the ability to exploit the machine and the spiritual capacity to remain on top of it? But it obviously has serious pitfalls. If the Universities persist in making a corner not only in the learned professions but in almost every type of important activity, as they gradually are doing, it follows that instead of merely appealing to a more or less academic minority they will be *compelling* a more or less materially minded majority to pass through them. Here occurs the first problem, whether the University will be able to digest all these more or less alien recruits without sacrificing the essential spirit which they do not understand, and often despise. Because, of course, this numerous class who according to the pure University ideal can only be considered interlopers are from the standpoint of the development which has just been outlined really more important than the natural-born scholar, since they represent what might be termed the temporal power of the University. Accordingly, having once been admitted on these terms they can justifiably demand more and more concessions in the direction of a training college, and can ignore or combat the inherited tradition in much the same way as an occasional Rhodes scholar may arrive with the declared intention of remaining one hundred per cent. American. They have been made welcome, often even solicited, and therefore there is no protection against them.

Moreover, it is fairly apparent that while a State might be able to allow perfect independence to a somewhat rarefied body concerned principally with abstract matters, it cannot under modern conditions fail to take a close interest in a set of corporations which are building up a monopoly of its future leaders in every branch. By extending their power in this way the Universities inevitably reduce it, and whether the State actually steps in and takes them over as a going concern on the German plan, or confines itself to “influence strengthened by criticism that does not amount to control” on the characteristically English one, is a matter of little ultimate significance. The essential is that the Universities have renounced their function as custodians of civilization and have become the higher training centres of the State, or, as Sir C. Grant Robertson puts it, “the compass has, indeed, been boxed.”

\* ‘The British Universities.’ By Sir C. Grant Robertson. Benn. 6d.

On this showing it is clear that the power of the purse is not really the last word in the conflict, as it is generally supposed to be. It is, of course, perfectly true that the Universities' poverty is the State's opportunity, and in this connexion it is hard to understand, unless on official grounds, the author's enthusiastic tribute to the generosity of modern benefactors. There have, of course, been a handful of splendid exceptions, but if the benefactors are really so open-handed, why is it necessary for the State to use all its fiscal machinery in order to gouge from them the difference between the present revenue and the irreducible minimum expenditure of the Universities. Why, for instance, does Oxford, in spite of all possible cheese-parings, show a deficit? Judging, at least, by American standards, we can hardly call forty million pounds, out of all the money that this country has made during the past hundred years, an especially princely contribution to learning, not to mention the purely utilitarian training for which much of it has been earmarked.

But even complete financial independence would not really leave the Universities free so long as the State remains as powerful as it now is, and they as ambitious. If not through finance, then through pressure of some other sort the State would see to it that they played their prescribed rôle, or else would destroy their hope of a monopoly of talent.

In considering the topical problem of equipping University men for industry, and so on, in its innumerable forms, this fundamental question ought never to be lost sight of. It will be no gain in the long run even to industry, to destroy a centre of civilization and substitute a polytechnic. In theory that seems the danger, but in practice things will probably work out well enough, so long as the Universities are able to attract to their staffs some first-rate men not of a purely academic type.

Now that it is becoming certain that the two ancient English Universities can expand no more without injury, while others have everything to gain by growth, a policy of far-seeing limitation is needed, and is beginning to take shape. Oxford and Cambridge must cater for the class of careers which need more or less civilized recruits of intelligence and character above the average, but not a highly technical training. Wherever the technical qualification is the prime factor it will not pay them in the long run to compete, however much they may be entreated by their appointments boards or criticized in the Press. If that were understood, and the modern Universities would develop first-rate faculties according to their special opportunities, instead of second- or third-rate all-round ones, as with certain honourable exceptions they still are doing, there would be little reason to fear the loss to the movement as a whole of either its ancient or modern function.

## A GRAVE LITERARY CRISIS

AT least ten thousand people in the country earn their living by writing detective novels. What is going to happen to them when the public gets tired of detective novels? It is one of the gravest crises that have ever faced the Literary Industry, and it is good news to hear that a Royal Commission will probably be set up to consider the transference of these workers to other branches of trade. I myself, in the hope of being called to give evidence before the Commission and thus obtaining much free publicity, have recently undertaken a comprehensive enquiry into the qualifications, experiences, characters and general habits of life of these writers and I imagine that my valuable Report, a summary of which I am now about

to lay before the public, will ultimately be published as a Blue Book.

The first thing that struck me in the course of my enquiry was the fact that all these writers seem to have lived exclusively in country houses. Life in the English country house is the only kind which they describe really convincingly. Again, a curious point is that the only room which made any impression upon them seems to have been the library, the very existence of which in an English country-house has hitherto been hardly suspected. More murders have been committed in these libraries than in all the drawing-rooms, bedrooms, gun-rooms, mah-jong rooms and halma-rooms put together. In these country houses they met only millionaires and aristocrats. The former they disliked; in their books millionaires only exist to be murdered. The latter they tolerated. How or why these ladies and gentlemen with literary leanings gravitated into the exclusive company of dear old absent-minded earls and little, stoutish torpedo-bearded magnates of finance, with skins like yellow parchment and guttural voices, is a mystery which my investigations have not yet elucidated.

They are also well-accustomed, the lucky dogs, to the society of slim and beautiful girls. I fancy that a good deal of quiet Swedish drill, exercises, dieting and reducing massage went on in those country houses, so incessant is the harping on the slimness of these girls; but, in the absence of an authenticated case of a millionaire being stabbed in a massage-room, I am unable to prove it. So much for environment. As for their qualifications for other jobs, it is only right and straightforward to say at once that they possess lamentably few. It is true that they are all very handy with a tape measure. Over and over again the body of the Napoleon of Finance is found lying sixty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner of the Jacobean fire-place in the library (it was not, by the way, until I undertook this enquiry that I realized how many Jacobean fire-places are scattered up and down the country houses of England), or it may be eighty-four and a quarter inches from the corner of the Jacobean fireplace, or even, occasionally, a hundred and two and three-sevenths inches from the corner of the Carolean fire-place. It is possible, therefore, that the Commission may recommend the transference of one or two derelict authors into the carpentry, retail-drapery or land-surveying professions.

I had contemplated at one time the possibility of drafting a few of them into the cutlery trade owing to their immense interest in knives, but I found that they have hopelessly over-specialized. Not one of them will look at any other sort of knife than an Italian stiletto or a Malay kreese, and even these have to be, in the opinion of fifty per cent. of the authors, curiously carved or, in the opinion of the other fifty, curiously curved.

I came across only one profession really suitable for the talents of these unfortunates, and, ironically, it is a profession that can only absorb an infinitesimal number of apprentices. If there is one thing that separates the writers of sensational fiction from their fellows, it is the capacity to make it appear, without any doubt whatsoever, that a man or woman is in one place when as a matter of fact he or she is in another. It is called "establishing an alibi," and it is the whole basis on which their art rests. Twice every year, in time for the spring and autumn publishers' lists, each of them evolves an ingenious and original way of making someone commit a murder at half-past nine in a country house in Hertfordshire, Buckinghamshire or Shropshire, usually Shropshire, when at least six witnesses of unimpeachable integrity are prepared to swear that at that very moment he was sitting down to a chop and a pint in Simpson's Restaurant. This talent for making a man appear simultaneously in two places is an admirable qualifi-

cation for conjuring on a really impressive scale, but the demand for large-scale conjuring is not great, and what there is of it is efficiently met by Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant. What then remains? Personally, I am quite convinced that the majority of the unhappy creatures will have to stay in the literary trade and be absorbed gradually and tactfully into other branches.

I am positive that when the public has risen at last and destroyed the "thriller," it will turn to sentiment. And, mind, it will be no ordinary kind of sentiment, no simple tale of true-lovers' paths and distant wedding-bells, but real hundred per cent. slush. I believe it will be a sentiment that will make the novels of ladies like Miss May Christie read like the life-story of a Balkan statesman. I believe that there will be honeysuckle on the porch of the old home. I believe that merry little blue-eyed elves will bring Daddy and Mummy together. I believe that there will be discoveries of long-lost orphans, and old Mothers gazing out across the foam for the return of the fisher-boy, and diphtheria in the nursery, and stupendous acts of forgiveness, and dicky-birdies with damaged wings, and St. Bernard dogs carrying the Wee Mite in their tender jaws out of the burning house.

If I am right in this opinion, what is the Royal Commission to do? It obviously cannot say to a man who has wallowed in bloodshed for the last ten years, "Go and wallow in sentiment." With the best will in the world, the man simply could not do it. For ten years or more he has regarded "love-interest" as a tiresome ingredient in his work, but, unfortunately, necessary for the sale of the serial rights. Is he to concentrate on "love-interest" for the rest of his life? What use is a honeysuckle porch in a detective-story except as a receptacle for a bloody finger-print? What use is a four-year-old child, unless it is illegitimate and thus provides a motive for blackmail and homicide? As for curiously carved, or curved, knives—of course, it is out of the question.

There is only one possible solution, and it must be undertaken at once. The Government must act now. A Training College must be founded, out of public money, in which detective-novelists can take a three-years' course in Sentimentality. Even lectures must be engaged, and a staff of philologists retained to compile a dictionary of adjectives such as "tender, melting, rose-pink, yearning, shell-like." A department should be devoted entirely to the study of old-world horticulture with special reference to honeysuckle. And there would be, of course, a small theatre in which the plays of Sir James Barrie would be acted incessantly.

It is only by the immediate foundation of a Training College on these lines that a very serious crisis in the Literary Industry can be averted, and I sincerely trust that the Royal Commission will see the importance of acting promptly and, above all, of recouping me at least for my out-of-pocket expenses in undertaking this immense enquiry. As to an honorarium I say nothing.

A. G. M.

## CASES IN POINT

BY GERALD GOULD

IT has long been suspected by psychologists, novelists, and writers of letters to the Press that there is a difference between men and women. I am at last in a position to reveal what that difference is. The discovery was made public in a small paragraph in a newspaper a few days ago; it did not rouse anything like the excitement which might have been expected. It appears—at long last—that the difference is one of grammar

and punctuation. In matters of commas, the fault of the *frau* is using too many and not knowing how.

I quote my informant in full:

Nobody knows exactly why, but women writers almost invariably give themselves away by sentences like this: "She loved Archibald madly, he was handsome and noble, he had lovely eyes and a keen brain, Archibald was an Empire Free Trade Crusader."

Note the "almost invariably." According to the old, and now discarded, principle of differentiation, that would have proved that the writer of the paragraph was himself a woman: generalization was, until last Monday, a female prerogative. Things being what they are now, I decided to put the matter to an immediate test. I took down from my shelves eight books awaiting review—a genuinely fortuitous collection; four were by women and four by men. I took down also a ninth, about which, at this time of writing, nobody knows whether it is by a man or a woman: thereby hangs the tale, since the suspectedly pseudonymous work was the occasion of the grand discovery with which we began. However, to our evidence.

First woman novelist—drawn blank. She uses no more commas than you or I. Second w.n.—a minus quantity: she leaves out commas where you and I would certainly put them in. Third w.n.—suffers from a rush of full stops to the pen: commas normal. Fourth w.n.—normal every way: no change. First man novelist—normal. Second—normal. Third—slight commacal (if you see what I mean) defect. Fourth—excess, precisely on the lines suggested by the paragraphist as typical of women. A difficult world, my masters.

Yet, even if the greatest discovery of the century turns out to have no basis in fact, like other greatest discoveries of other centuries (and let me remind you that nobody knows what is going to happen about Einstein), there still does remain room for research among the stops. Punctuation may not show sex, but it does show character. There are rules, and there are those who break them. There are those who break them because they know no better, and those who break them because they can't be bothered: those in whom this licence is a gesture, those in whom it is a pose. Byron was not only a man of immense genius, he was also—a fact far less appreciated—a man of immense erudition; but he never to the end of his days learnt how to punctuate. He refused deliberately; it was part of his fame and flame to do so. His attitude to grammar was like his attitude to morality: rules for fools, and emancipation for Manfreds. He was content to be different because he was eager to be different. Somewhere in his letters, if I remember right, he declares himself incapable of learning, and professes that he must make the dash do for all purposes. And so, for very nearly all purposes, he does. It was Byronic to cut a dash by never cutting a dash.

Another revolutionary in punctuation is Mr. Shaw. I am sure he is a heretic, though, as so often and so provokingly happens, I cannot find the evidence when I want it. I have been looking through various volumes of his in the hope of being able to substantiate my charge, and can find nothing but sentences maddeningly correct. All the same, he is wrong—because he once said

that I was. The story is worth telling, as illustrating the generosity of a great SATURDAY REVIEWER to a humble member of his craft. Many years ago, when I was venturing a first faltering step into the precincts of journalism, I wrote for a paper an article on a certain subject: and the same week, for the same paper, on the same subject, an article was written also by Mr. Shaw. The editor sent my effort on to Mr. Shaw—who replied that it ought to be published, and ought to be published before his own. Which happened. Do you think that a small thing? It may be: but it is surely the sort of small thing that marks the great man. The point of the story, however, in this connexion, is that Mr. Shaw, while praising the substance of my essay with the finest generosity, took occasion to find fault with its punctuation. Now there may have been any amount to be said against the stuff that came between the stops, but the stops, believe me, were perfect. I was indeed at that time employed, in consideration of remuneration, to teach the young idea where to stop. I taught the methods of writing, and punctuating, English. I taught them to young men and maidens in one of the greatest universities in the world, and also, in a coaching establishment, to post-graduate candidates for the Civil Service—the future Solons and satraps of the Empire. My commas and colons have journeyed (I hope beneficently) all over the continents. If there is one thing that I do know all about—and there is—it is punctuation.

Mr. Shaw's strictures, therefore, touched me in a tender place; so I proceeded to carry the war into the friend's country. I have admitted that my most recent researches among his published works have provided me with no ammunition, but, on the very day on which the secret of the difference between the sexes was given to the world in one paper, there appeared in another paper a letter on the censorship of films, from the pen of Mr. Shaw. With the substance of that letter I have nothing to do (though I happen heartily to agree with it); but I quote two sentences with reference to commas:

To the stupefaction of the lady and her charitable colleagues the film was refused a licence . . . As I knew by what I had seen of licensed films that it was quite possible to exploit night scenes and incidents of the White Slave Traffic in an objectionable way I asked to see the film.

It is obvious that there ought to be a comma after "colleagues": still more cogent is the demand for a comma after "way." I say this not in criticism of Mr. Shaw, who is a Shaw unto himself: I merely point out that his eccentricity should not be a law unto others.

Does it matter? Honestly, I do not know that it matters very much. The Byrons and the Shaws will do as they please: the rest of us ought to do as we ought.

But what light this throws on the difference between the sexes, I have—though only for the moment—forgotten.

¶ Readers who have difficulty in obtaining copies of the SATURDAY REVIEW are asked to communicate with the Publisher, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2, who will be pleased to give the matter his attention.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

### PANEL DOCTORS: EXCESSIVE PRESCRIBING

SIR,—I would like to endorse the comments in Dr. Frank Layton's letter in your last issue upon the action taken by the London Insurance Committee in the case of a firm of four doctors practising "in one of the worst slum areas in London." I have read the report in the *British Medical Journal* Supplement, February 8, and the responsibility for this action must rest with the London Insurance Committee.

There was evidently some dissatisfaction within the Committee regarding this decision, which was carried only by a majority vote. The case had been the subject of enquiry by the Ministry of Health, and the recommendation finally passed by the London Insurance Committee was "that the Minister of Health should be requested to withhold £100 from the money payable to the Committee in respect of medical benefit with a view to a corresponding amount being deducted from the remuneration of the practitioners concerned."

The explanation of the increasing frequency of these fines for "excessive prescribing" is to be found in the conditions now prevalent with regard to the National Health Insurance Drug Fund. The amount available for "drugs and appliances" has always been inadequate, but prior to 1927 (when an agreement was made between the dispensing chemists on the Panel and the Ministry of Health by which the dispensing chemists were to be indemnified for their costs as a first charge upon the Drug Fund), the chemists' bills had been discounted, and they had in reality been made to bear in their own persons the deficit inherent in the conditions of the Fund. The public is probably unaware of these facts and Doctor Layton's letter ought to be of value in directing attention to what I have always regarded as being an improper state of affairs.

The incident lends point to a comment made in Lord Hewart's book, 'The New Despotism,' page 50. He writes:

. . . the treatment of the panel doctors under the National Health Insurance Acts is pure despotism. The doctors are liable, at the mere discretion of the official who acts for the Minister of Health, to be ruined professionally by being struck off the panel, or, as a lesser punishment, to be fined to an arbitrary extent. In one instance, a fine of £1,000 was imposed on two doctors who carried on business in partnership. "Excessive prescribing," an offence wholly unknown to the law, which consists in prescribing for the patient medicines that are either too expensive in quality or too liberal in quantity, is one of the things for which a doctor may be penalized. One might think that, for a person who is bound by law to insure and pay contributions under the Acts, the best medicine ought to be prescribed in illness. But apparently that is not always the view of the department. One might wonder whether, in this matter, the interests of the patients are adequately taken into consideration.

The effect of the new legislation induced by the Local Government Act, 1929, is generally regarded as foreshadowing a great extension of contract practice on the lines of the National Health Insurance Act. A recent medical author, who hails this probability with pleasure, estimates that with the extensions contemplated some thirty-seven million persons will come under the operation of contract practice; in fact, the only persons who are likely to be left out of the scheme are (1) the small proportion of the community

whose income exceeds the insurable limit and (2) the persons over the age of insurance.

The National Health Insurance Fund is virtually bankrupt at the present time, as these prosecutions so clearly indicate; it has never been able to afford consultant and institutional treatment, which the Royal Commission of 1926 declared should be provided. The new additions of the population contemplated would probably treble the present cost of insurance, and it is an unpleasant reflection to consider what kind of medical service will be possible under these conditions.

I am, etc.,

E. GRAHAM LITTLE

House of Commons, S.W.1

SIR,—Dr. Layton's letter and the story which it tells serve to cross the t's of my recent articles on the Health Insurance Act. Dr. Layton is well known to his fellow practitioners as an able and conscientious doctor with a mind of his own. A cynically interesting feature of the "episode" with which his letter deals is that no protest has been made by the official medical organization, by its "Insurance Acts Committee," or by either of the orthodox medical journals. Insured persons may be interested to observe that when it comes to buttering their parsnips, it matters little what political colour is favoured by the party in office. Margarine is "good enough," and looks much the same as butter.

I am, etc.,

QUAERO

#### DRINK AND INDUSTRY

SIR,—The cynicism of an openly wicked man is often entertaining; but the masked cynicism of some modern "Social Reformers" is just revolting. I notice that in the report of the investigation of the Liquor Commission into the effects of Drink on Industry, the representatives of a large and powerful firm advocated a system whereby the price of liquor in the neighbourhood of their employees should rise with any increase in wages.

Apart from exposing the obvious impracticability of such a scheme, it is interesting to consider it simply as a straw telling which way the wind is blowing. It is a cynical admission of a fact which all those who have opposed restrictive laws on the sale of liquor have long proclaimed—that those laws oppress only the poor.

While it is notorious that the American experiment in Prohibition has failed to prevent drinking among the moneyed classes and has reduced it only among the poor, there at least the "ideal" which the law expresses is that all Americans should stop drinking. No one, not even Mr. Ford, has dared to suggest that only the working classes should stop drinking.

Imagine, Sir, the anger, the just anger, of an employer of labour, who found that when his income increased, some busybody saw to it that his wine cost him proportionately more. But even that is not an adequate parallel, for no matter if Champagne doubled or trebled in price, that would never prevent a really rich man from buying it; while if beer mounted in price in a neighbourhood where the majority of wages had gone up it would be one long struggle for the employees quite literally to keep their heads above water.

I am, etc.,

Savile Club

MORAY McLAREN

#### DUMPING

SIR,—In the matter of agricultural wages—as of all others—the most important thing is the return given by labour for the wages paid, which is less in this country than anywhere else in Europe, owing to the demoralization produced, among all classes, by the War and the legislation which followed it. England, with Wales, is, I believe the only country in the world where farm wages are regulated by

Act of Parliament, and the result of the Flat Rate here has been that the inferior men have been paid, in proportion, too much and the best men too little, with the result that the latter are leaving the industry.

As for potatoes, I am quite aware that the percentage of imports is relatively small, but it is a recognized fact in regard to imports that a small quantity of imported goods often has a large effect on the market—indeed, as a grower of potatoes in Yorkshire I can vouch for this from painful experience. In this connexion, it is not entirely the potatoes which are actually imported which matter, but also those which may be imported but are held back if the price is too low. In other words, while the imported quantity may be only six per cent. the total importable quantity, including these, may be sixteen per cent., which would all come over to this country if the price paid made it worth while. Meanwhile, the six per cent. actually sent over and the ten per cent. available in reserve are, together, enough to knock the bottom out of any market.

I am, etc.,

Thurlow, Suffolk

C. F. RYDER

[Our Agricultural Correspondent will reply to this letter next week.—ED. S.R.]

#### THE HATRY CASE

SIR,—My friend, Mr. Haynes, writes, for some reason: "That (say) a million parents should be prevented by a swindler from giving their children either a superior education or a better start in the world leaves him [i.e., myself] cold." I may be dense, but I must confess that I fail to see the relevance of this suggestion to my protest against long sentences of penal servitude for offences against property. I do not propose to repeat my reasons for this protest which you have already allowed me to express fairly fully. Mr. Haynes is at heart the kindest of men, and I should love to see him on the Bench. But as he chooses to introduce political controversy, may I hasten to assure him that I am left far from cold by the swindle which does prevent millions of parents "from giving their children either a superior education or a better start in the world."

I am, etc.,

ARTHUR E. E. READE

The Royal Automobile Club,  
London, S.W.1

#### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

SIR,—By the desire of Miss Florence Nightingale's family I am making a new study of her life and character. This book, which will be published next autumn by Messrs. Thornton Butterworth, and will appear simultaneously in America, is in no way designed to supersede the biography written by Sir Edward Cook, nor the shorter version by Mrs. Vaughan Nash, both of which were published by Messrs. Macmillan. It will rather seek to illustrate certain aspects of Miss Nightingale's life which are of great interest to the present generation, and will be specially concerned with the years 1820 to 1865.

A number of unpublished letters, throwing a new light on Miss Nightingale's life, have been placed at my disposal, and it is possible that others exist in the archives of private families. Will you allow me to say how very grateful I shall be to anyone who will lend me such letters? I should also be glad to see anything bearing directly or indirectly on Miss Nightingale's life before 1865. All papers lent will be most carefully treated and quickly returned by registered post.

I am, etc.,

I. B. O'MALLEY

6 Steele's Road, N.W.3

## THE THEATRE OLD ACQUAINTANCE

BY IVOR BROWN

*Devonshire Cream.* By Eden Phillpotts. The Playhouse.  
*A Night Like This.* By Ben Travers. The Aldwych Theatre.

LIfe on Mr. Phillpotts's dramatic Dartmoor, which is by no means the same as the realistic Dartmoor of his novels, keeps on keeping on. Families maintain highly theatrical feuds which are tempered by wooings and cooings, feastings and junketings. Publicans' sherry is still a fountain of mirth, and the aphoristic conversation of the old yokel suggests that Postbridge and similar hamlets are prolific schools of philosophy. Everybody wanders from kitchen to cowshed and from barn to meadow with sententious counsel bubbling like cider-froth upon the lips. Here is Academe in Arcady. Farmer Widecomb of this piece is rather more savage and less sage than the others. He is a chip of the old Devonian rock which may be classified as igneous and almost volcanic, while his cowman, Mr. William Blee, is a gentle composer of family brawls whose appetite for consuming food and drink is only equalled by his readiness to give forth wisdom. No hour of the day, no circumstance of peasant manners, but finds him mouthing maxims. The old codger is so rich in wise saws and farm-yard instances that he seems at times to be less a man than a walking saw-mill.

There is a plot of sorts. Romeo (a Blanchard) cannot have his Juliet (a Widecomb) because the Widecombs have been snarling at their Blanchard neighbours for a century. Young Blanchard rescues Farmer Widecomb from a bull with a load of mischief, but that does not appease the old fire-eater, and things look bad for Juliet. Then Blanchard suddenly announces that he isn't, after all, one of the venomous tribe whose name he wrongly bears. In answer to the question, "Who's Baby Are You?" he can prove that, anyhow, he wasn't a Blanchard but was only adopted into the breed. So the wedding bells can tinkle to the resounding tors and we can leave the theatre with the comfortable assurance that Mr. Blee is going to have another grand blow-out when the matrimonial baked meats and cider brew are ready for the grand occasion. But on the whole we would rather be spared attendance at this orgy. Even the best of human saw-mills should not work overtime.

The plot is not only conventional but stupid beyond words. Why didn't young Blanchard reveal his natal secret at the start and save old Widecomb a deal of hot breath? But the plot, even if it be on the musical comedy level, does not greatly matter. Mr. Phillpotts's Dartmoor plays live by the gritty humours of his dialogue. He has put the *raisonneur* in the cowshed and the experiment works once more. 'The Farmer's Wife' had an abundance of good character acting in the corduroy convention, but it was really made by that first and masterly minister of the saw-mill parts, Mr. Cedric Hardwicke. 'Devonshire Cream,' if it lives likewise, will owe its vitality to Mr. Horace Hodges, whose performance of Mr. Blee, the gentle, jovial, and jocose old greedy-guts, is superb. The Phillpottian ancients of the barn and byre are always misogynists; the saws are in violent action on the tribe of women and cut the sex to fragments. Mr. Hodges renders with the mournful sweetness of a zephyr the masculine philosophy to which Mr. Hardwicke gave the edge and tang of an east-wind. Mr. Phillpotts has, indeed, been lucky in his actors, and Mr. Hodges's presentation of old Blee as the gnarled babbler of

sagacities is delicious from beginning to end. The rest of the piece, though well performed, caused me considerable tedium. I am second to none in my admiration for Mr. Sam Livesey's hold on burly character, but even his capacity could not save the family feuds of the Widecombs from being as tedious as a silly tale told twice—or even thrice, for the telling abounds in repetitions and reiterations. The amorous youngsters are extremely well played by Miss Phyllis Shand and Mr. Harry Wilcoxon, and there is ample evidence that a walk north from Ashburton will carry you into authentic Arcady. Here is eternal summer; here old men wear smocks; here bucolic wisdom bleats in jocund epigram to make an urban holiday. At least, so it is in the playhouse, but I scarcely expect to find this ceaseless blend of sunshine and benignity in the gaunt vicinities of Wistman's Wood.

The Travers-Walls-Lynn combination (and I am certainly not forgetting Mr. Robertson Hare) is once more in action at the Aldwych. The batsman who has made half a dozen centuries running may expect bad luck at the next venture, but he has confidence on his side and ought to feel that he can face anything. By the nature of things the Aldwych team ought to strike a bad patch after such incessant victory, but, by the nature of mankind, they start each new venture with a terrific advantage. The audience on the first night, and on most other nights, too, starts to laugh almost before the curtain is up. Memory compels the mirth: old acquaintance refuses to be less than hilarious. No sooner has the first member of the team appeared than we are all boys together and the idea of not enjoying the new show is downright treason. 'A Night Like This' has a few weak episodes, but it will amply suffice all box-office needs, and I do not expect that first-nighters will visit the Aldwych again before Christmas.

Mr. Travers has this time provided a plethora of plot. For basis there is the girl and the pearls which have been snaffled from an aunt to pay a gambling debt to a crook. Hither and thither we pursue the pearls. Mr. Ralph Lynn wanders into the chase and becomes First Bloodhound: Mr. Tom Walls is a policeman in and out of plain clothes; Mr. Kenneth Kove is a snaffler of a vacuity so preposterous that one wonders why the pearls did not rise up and snaffle him: Mr. Robertson Hare is a tenant of a maisonnette which becomes one of the coverts most thoroughly searched for spoil. Mr. Hare once more presents us with the perfect rate-payer, plunged by a merciless destiny among the rude, the rough, and the raffish. It becomes essential to the course of justice that Mr. Hare should be kept indoors, and in what point is such a respectable citizen more vulnerable than his trousers? Watch, therefore, Mr. Walls and Mr. Lynn preparing to "de-bag" him by guile; separation of man from the symbol of his propriety was never more sweetly achieved, and Mr. Hare has never had a more antic uniform during his many sufferings in Aldwych farces than the improvised kilt with which he braves the battle and the breeze of 'A Night Like This.' Nor has Miss Mary Brough ever been more puffy and rubicund with righteous indignation than as the guardian-housekeeper of the damsel in danger.

There are, as I said, some weak moments, and Mr. Walls has had far better parts than his present one. I like him better as an irreverent senior than as a juvenile policeman with an Irish accent and a wealth of charm. His nose was made for the scarlet, his tongue for scolding and the curt phrasing of disgust. However, his invention as a producer provides business as usual, there being all manner of good moves in the pursuit of a riotous absurdity. More pace is needed and will surely come. Unfortunately the prompter's voice was sometimes loud

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in the land on the first night, Mr. Lynn's memory failing him in the cross-talk. Farce cannot wait upon the prompter, but this lapse is unlikely to recur, and I imagine that all who go to renew old loyalties at the Aldwych will find nothing whatever to grumble at. The separation of Mr. Hare from his trousers is a superb episode; to see his tormentors "ride on the pants triumphing," as Cleopatra said to Antony on another occasion, is nonsense in which the superb misery of the victim is a first factor of success.

## BROADCASTING

THE last two women M.P.s to speak from Savoy Hill have been instructive both of what has gone on in Parliament of late, and of the way things are managed at Westminster. Miss Ellen Wilkinson's "tea and toast" atmosphere, coupled with her bright, skittish personalities (the Prime Minister, for instance, whom we now know to possess "the nicest head of hair") must have astonished those who imagined Parliament to be only a stern, workaday place. Certainly Miss Wilkinson gave us a picture—and some information on the Empire Free Trade agitation, the Coal Mines Bill, and the Canal Boats Bill (this last introduced, she told us, by Mr. Harry Gosling—"a darling"). The Duchess of Atholl's talk was good reporting. Never did she allow herself the least amount of party feeling, unless it be the slightest hint when she told of the reply to Miss Wilkinson's resolution on trade with Russia. In her talk there was no picturesque description, no sidelights on fellow members. It was a sound business report. Both talks were welcome.

It is strange that while nearly all actresses' voices should broadcast badly, an almost unbroken succession of good, often fine, women's voices should be available for talks. The two women M.P.s mentioned above were clear and personable. All the speakers on Domestic Service (regardless of class distinction) have come through naturally and plainly. Finally Miss Violet Markham, summing up that series, was easily able to use as much volume and variety of tone as any actress without jarring the microphone. Her talk was remarkable, with its bird's-eye view over ground covered by the other speakers, and the light it threw on points that they had missed. The plea for a higher standard of housecraft among mistresses cannot be stressed too heavily. "Improve the mistress and you will improve the maid." The whole series has been illuminating.

Lord Grey's two main activities are already known to most people. His statesmanship is of international consequence and a matter for the judgment of history. His less trumpeted work as a naturalist, and above all bird-lover, is for a smaller circle such as his audience at the last Rickman Godlee Lecture. On Monday he was heard in another rôle, that of philosopher and teacher. His complete, but eventually compelling, lack of emphasis struck me with a force that was unexpectedly revealing. There it was, the personality and the manner of delivery of one who was faced, in July, 1914, with a bewildered and ignorant Parliament to which to explain a dark and menacing situation. As that voice gently discoursed on problems of right and wrong it was impossible not to wonder (memories of Europe's past, leading to thoughts of her present, much distracted my attention) how an intellect once so burdened with responsibilities should have survived to talk on good and evil for our delectation. It is a triumph for that third attribute of Lord Grey's diverse nature, that very philosophy whose message he broadcast for all to hear. No secret diplomacy there.

Fielding's version of Molière's 'Le Médecin Malgré Lui' provided a pleasant hour, and showed an amusing eighteenth-century English view of seventeenth-century France. Evidently the farce of it attracted Fielding, and he did not attempt to reproduce the peculiar tinge of satire which, with French institutions and manners for its mark, could not survive transportation. This production was skilfully kept plain. Skill comes in choosing between the multitudinous means at one's command in broadcast adaptations. In this case choice seems to have been artistically exercised.

CONDOR

## LITERARY COMPETITIONS—208

SET BY T. MICHAEL POPE

A. Among the unfinished poems of Shelley there is one beginning:

Such hope as is the sick despair of good,  
Such fear as is the certainty of ill,  
Such doubt as is pale Expectation's food,  
Turned while she tastes to poison, when the will  
Is powerless, and the spirit. . . .

On the assumption that Shelley had intended to write a sonnet in Shakespearean form, we offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a completion of the poem.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an essay in the manner of Thomas Carlyle on the subject of Crossword Puzzles. Competitors are not expected to be as diffuse as their model. They are, in fact, restricted to two hundred words.

### RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week: LITERARY 208A or LITERARY 208B).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of the rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold a prize or prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, March 3. The results will be announced in the issue of March 8.

## RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS 206

SET BY GERALD BULLETT

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best original sonnet of which the first line shall be:

Jugg'd is the hare that erst with jocund feet

If poetry should chance to break in, so much the better; but the general style must be mock-heroic.

B. Mr. St. John Ervine, discussing the Greek dramatists' practice of causing violent deeds and deaths to take place "off stage," expresses himself as follows:

The general theory is that the Greeks could not bear to see violent deeds done on the stage. When a character had to be killed in the course of a play he was induced to leave the stage so that he might be put to death out of sight. That is, to my mind, purely a literary conceit. I can see no reason why the Greeks should be reluctant to gaze upon pretended death when they had no compunction whatever in looking upon actual death on the battlefield, nor will any theory of æsthetics dissuade me from using my common sense in this matter.

For the best (and best-written) criticism of these remarks, in not more than three hundred words, we offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea.

## REPORT FROM MR. GERALD BULLETT

206A. So many good sonnets were submitted that I should be glad of an excuse for printing at least six of them. The prize-winners may speak for themselves: Philellen, I think, must come first, and H. C. M. second. And if there were a third prize, Charles G. Box would have deserved it. As for other commendations, here is a list of those whose entries survived a first reading and urgently demanded a second: Valimus, Arthur Oliver, Eiluned Lewis, T. E. Casson, Francis Watson, Duncan Grey, Lester Ralph, Obispo, Alves, Cowper, James Hall, Seacape, Pibwob, and Percy Lee. And if these competitors sigh to find themselves in such a crowded company, let me assure them that their number is small indeed compared with that of the total entry. O. de V., having misread the set line, exercised considerable ingenuity in finding rhymes for "foot."

## FIRST PRIZE

Jugg'd is the hare that erst with jocund feet  
Drummed on the turf his vesper saraband;  
Or, ears a-cock and muzzle mumping, scanned  
The stretch of stubble for a safe retreat  
Ere baying beagle or the greyhound fleet  
Bade him leap forth and set the frantic pace,  
Doubling, redoubling, in that last, fast race  
They all must run with Death who find life sweet.

Alas, poor hare! 'twas greyhound Death that won:  
Your speed was vain, your coursing days are  
past;

But game you were, and game are to the last,  
And we, who greet you now, must cry, "Well  
done!"

When, posthumously, you provide perforce  
With currant jelly yet another course.

PHILELLEN

## SECOND PRIZE

Jugg'd is the hare that erst with jocund feet  
The daisy-sprinkled pastures did pervade,  
And with her velvet-footed offspring played  
Lithe as a Faun, as Atalanta fleet,  
Or on some airy upland lawn would greet  
Apollo's earliest silver tinsel laid  
Upon the gossamer, all unafraid,  
And all unknowing she was good to eat.  
Fate, whom nor men nor hares may understand,  
For her an unexpected guerdon planned,  
An endless meed of honour shared by few.  
Unknown in life, in death she makes a stew  
Such as Lucullus' self might dream of, and  
A sonnet for the SATURDAY REVIEW.

H. C. M.

206B. This, too, proved to be an exceedingly popular competition, and on the main points of criticism there was a general and hearty agreement: first that, in the remarks quoted, Mr. Ervine merely invented a bogus theory and then threw bricks at it; second, that, even so, his missiles went wide of the mark. The true reason for the exclusion of slaughter from the Greek stage is not the reason given by Mr. Ervine; and, even if it were, his criticism would not dispose of it; for surely, as Desmond says, "he would not have us believe that the Greeks fought a battle and attended a theatre with similar emotions." Finally, to quote one of the prizewinners: "To say that one cannot be convinced by aesthetic argument on a question of this kind is futile: for what is Tragedy but an aesthetic creation?" Other competitors deserving commendation are Camerius, Fax, and W. G. Four entries stand perceptibly above the rest: those of Non Omnia, Lester Ralph, Sydney R. Dunning, and Desmond.

Non Omnia's entry is the most crisp and vigorous; but, as it is more polemical, so it is less persuasive than the others; it disdains, as the others do not, to tell Mr. Ervine about the nature of Greek Tragedy. I suggest, therefore, that the two prizes be equally divided among the first three named. I ought to add that Sydney Dunning's argument is weakened by his second paragraph, which is an over-statement.

## THE WINNING ENTRIES

## I

Mr. Ervine, like another famous playwright, has chosen to stand on his head. The attitude is the more precarious since it is being maintained upon a rickety platform. We know of no exponent of Greek dramatic theory upon whom can be fathered the statement that the Greeks could not bear to witness violent deeds on the stage. They may have avoided the methods of Grand Guignol, but that is rather a tribute to their sanity than evidence of weak nerves. Mr. Ervine describes the statement as a literary conceit, which, indeed, it is, for he himself has invented it, and moreover, in the forcing-house of his fancy raised it, to our mingled delight and alarm, by the end of his paragraph, into a full-blown theory of aesthetics. And when we find this thing in conflict with Mr. Ervine's common sense, we are awed at the thought of the mental struggle. Surely a complex will ensue.

Again, Mr. Ervine asserts that the Greeks had no compunction in looking upon actual death on the battlefield. In a few generations, another hasty writer will be asserting that Europeans of the early twentieth century derived pleasure from the contemplation of death, and will build no doubt upon this foundation a beautiful dramatic theory. And, unless the headstones of the Imperial War Graves Commission have crumbled, he will at least be able to point to real evidence.

We would not be so rash as to attempt to dissuade Mr. Ervine from using his common sense, seeing that it is so powerful a solvent of intellectual considerations. Therefore, in silence we shall continue to believe that drama is an art that provides according to its own technique an imaginative re-valuation of life. Actuality and common sense are not enough.

NON OMNIA

## II

Any theory of aesthetics based upon the assumption that the Greeks had "no compunction whatever in looking upon actual death on the battlefield" involves at least two misconceptions: the first that Athens, which alone produced the great drama handed down to us, is synonymous with Greece; the second that the heroes of Thermopylae or Leuctra felt less compunction on beholding the beastliness of the battlefield than was felt by the far less sensitive peoples who were sickened thereby during the Great War. That the Athenians of the Periclean Age were a more artistic race than any that has followed it till the day of Mr. St. John Ervine is surely more than a literary conceit. At least one must admit that the spectacle of Agamemnon slaughtered with an axe in his bathroom would tax the stomachs of even Grand Guignol audiences as shrewdly as the resources of even Drury Lane would be taxed effectively to stage the Sea-Monster's on-slaughter upon Hippolytus. Actually, of course, the Greek Dramatist had his hands tied as to plot, as to exits and entrances, and as to conventional minutiae such as would cramp the style of the youngest Russian of us all. Aristotle's dictum, summarizing the whole attitude of Greek Tragedy towards its public, demanded, among other things, the purging of the emotions through pity and terror. It is difficult to imagine anything less likely to induce this condition than the appearance of an actor, padded to the limit of endurance, stilted upon cothurni, and equipped with an enormous mask, crumpling precariously up, or carted disjointedly off, before an audience shielded from this ignoble exhibition by no kindly act-drop. One shrinks from the contemplation of its probable effect upon a highly-strung Athenian Chorus.

LESTER RALPH

[The third prizewinner's entry is unavoidably crowded out. We hope to be able to find room for it next week.—Ed. S.R.]

## PAST AND PRESENT—XV

THE anthology of bad verse made by Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Charles Lee, 'The Stuffed Owl' (Dent, 6s.), delights me, but at certain points disappoints me. I grieve particularly over the absence from these bathetic pages of two things which I have long carried with me as charms for the banishment of depression. The one is Leigh Hunt's couplet, I feel sure the most vulgar ever written by a genuine poet, about the fairest thing the world has got, which is "a lovely woman in a rural spot." The other is the concluding stanza of Campbell's 'Ritter Ban':

Such was the sob and the mutual throb  
Of the knight embracing Jane.

And I think room might have been made for Mrs. Browning's two masterpieces of rhyming:

Will you oftly  
Murmur softly,

and

The clock stands at the noon;  
I am weary, I have sewn,  
Sweet, for thee a wedding-gown,

which is equally impressive whether we say, "noon, soon, goon" or "known, sown, goan."

\* \*

Then, it seems to me, we might have been given more of those border-line cases which tease the critical intelligence. There are passages to the purpose in Poe and in Mangan; and, as they suggest, the balance between poetry and absurdity seems in nearly all such cases to depend on the rhyming. The very best example I can think of, however, is in a much smaller though usually deft enough writer, Mortimer Collins:

The oars of Ithaca dip so  
Softly into the sea,  
They waken not Calypso,  
And the hero wanders free.

Hood, artist that he was, and guarded against the dangers of double and triple rhyme in serious verse by long experience in comic verse, may rhyme "family" and "clammity" in a tragic poem; but "dip so" and "Calypso" leaves one uncertain between laughter and "appreciation of difficulties overcome." The wisest English writers of verse have known that, except for peculiar purposes, rhymes should be unobtrusive and on words in reasonably common use.

\* \*

But enough of complaints. Here is the largest body of bad verse ever brought together in an anthology; and it has not merely been brought together but arranged with malicious intelligence. There are excellently feline touches in the terse biographical or critical introductions, and there is wit in some of the titles provided. 'Snoblesse Oblige' is good for an excerpt from Mrs. Browning's 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' 'Get-together Song' for an absurdity out of Emerson, and 'The Once-over' for this from Pollok:

Still, all was calm in heaven. Nor yet appeared  
The Judge, nor ought appeared, save here and there,  
On wing of golden plumage borne at will  
A curious angel, that from out the skies  
Now glanced a look on man, and then retired.

It is most agreeable to find on top of Erasmus Darwin's lines:

With gills and lungs respiring Lampreys steer,  
Kiss the rude rocks, and suck till they adhere,  
the heading, 'Ae Fond Kiss, and Then ——'

There are here scores of single lines or couplets which would find backers in a competition to produce the very worst in our literature. Could there be anything flatter than Crabbe's:

Grave Jonas Kindred, Sybil Kindred's sire,  
Was six feet high, and looked six inches higher?

Perhaps not; yet there is Dr. Johnson's:

Forgive my transports on a theme like this,  
I cannot bear a French metropolis,

which must bear an additional reproach, for it professes to render the far from flat or trivial words of Juvenal:

Non possum, Quirites,  
Græcam urbem, etc.

Can the sense of humour have ever been less operative than in the Wesleyan who wrote:

O may Thy powerful word  
Inspire the feeble worm  
To rush into Thy kingdom, Lord,  
And take it as by storm?

May be not; but there is Montgomery, inviting God to pause and think again of the consequences of rash action. I, for one, will not pretend to decide where the prize for sheer absurdity should be conferred. But I must insist that it is unfair to these writers, and to us who read their worst in this anthology, to bring together authentic poets in their hours of aberration and idiots with the intention of writing poetry.

\* \*

Far be it from me to deny that persistent silliness, the work of those who never deviate into sense, can be amusing, on occasion, in small samples. Indeed, to show that I value it, I will present Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Lee with these verses, which were embedded in a romance I once read for a publisher:

Her lips, they are redder than coral  
That under the ocean grows;  
She is sweet, she is fair, she is moral,  
My beautiful Georgian rose!

But since we expect only further sinking from the submerged, there is nothing like as much pleasure to be had out of the spectacle as is yielded by the collapse of those who can, and mostly do, soar. And, in these as in other delights, I am all for differentiation. Quite three-fourths of the pleasure of watching Wordsworth crash is lost if we do not love him even at the many moments of unconscious declension. It is not till picking up grandfather at the bottom of the stairs is almost as much to us as revering him on his loftiest eminence that we have full joy of his lapses.

\* \*

Take a great narrow poet whom Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Lee have wholly passed by: Coventry Patmore. Is it not just because, at his best, he has such nobility of style, so austere a conception of beauty, that we rejoice over:

But here their converse had an end;  
For, crossing the cathedral lawn,  
There came an ancient college friend,  
Who, introduced to Mrs. Vaughan,  
Lifted his hat and bowed and smiled,  
And filled her kind large eyes with joy  
By patting on the cheek her child,  
With, "Is he yours, this handsome boy?"

It fills my kind large eyes with joy, and I doubt not but that when Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Lee recline, severally, the one in pensive and the other in vacant mood, it flashes on their larger and kinder eyes, a bliss in solitude, and then their hearts with pleasure fill and dance, and dance, and dance, until—they remember that they left it out of their generally excellent book. Let them seize the opportunities of a second edition. And let them, I beseech, think upon Ruskin's apostrophe to his leaping heart—"Thou little boulder, rest."

STET

## REVIEWS

## ARCANA

BY T. EARLE WELBY

*A Writer's Notes on His Trade.* By C. E. Montague. Limited edition. Chatto and Windus. £3 3s.

IF, like C. E. Montague, it is first principles we seek, we had best seek them where they are incarnated. First principles made flesh, and in particular operation, not first principles as deduced by the theorist and conceived to be exterior to the particular works of art they animate: there is the true objective of the kind of criticism essayed, with so much courage and brilliance and curiosity, in this posthumous book by one who was, in the special sense, very much a writer, very much aware of the problems of his craft. And if the investigator's concern be chiefly with prose, then, for an Englishman, the approach had best be through the two English writers who have most scrupulously used the peculiar capacities of that instrument. That Landor and Pater are in many ways so very far from being typically English, that the two writers in whom we may hope to discover most of the secrets of English prose written in the spirit of the artist are apt to make the typical English reader uncomfortable, is a paradox disconcerting to the general, but one that would surely have stimulated Montague.

Either he did not see his opening or he passed it by. Landor he does not cite at all. Pater he cites more than once, with admiration, but to queer purpose, discovering a "tirade" in the famous, really not typical, passage on *La Gioconda*, and seeming to miss the supreme achievement in the passage on the four statues in which, for Pater at least, Michelangelo has hinted at the uneasy, complicated, tremulously hopeful movements of our thoughts when we try to fix them on the conditions of disembodied life after death: "a breath, a flame in the doorway, a feather in the wind." In those dozen words, set where they are, words not unusual, and denied adjectives, and coming to us in what one calls the most "natural" order, English prose as a fine art quietly reaches its culmination. We shall think long before even in our English poetry we find anything so simple charged with so much suggestion, and it is prose, not that unlawful hybrid, "prose poetry." But Montague uses the passage only in a salutary protest against the demand for lucidity, as popularly defined. "We need hardly expect so many elusive things to be expressed with the explicit lucidity of handbooks of popular science." And he goes on, admirably, to ask where would be the song that ends 'Twelfth Night' "if its inconsequence were gone and its unreason put to rights." As he sees, it is a defiance of any meagre and captious rationalism that it may meet in a reader's mind; and we have criticism of the first quality when he adds that "with unsurpassable distinctness it calls up precisely the mood that its author desires, however incoherent the terms of the summons may seem." That song, like so many of the most surprising and most swiftly accepted things in literature, has a logical justification to be felt in the nervous system rather than in the reasoning intelligence.

Montague perceived that: how strange that he could write of Swinburne looking about for ideas to match an elected scheme of words! It was the aim of that poet to maintain a more continuous accord than anyone before him had ever thought of securing except in mere snatches of song. But accord with what? Assuredly not with precedent words as such; for, as that quotation from Pater has reminded us, words take on new significance in their handling and dis-

position. The triumph, when Swinburne does triumph, which is by no means always, is in the exclusion of every word that, in his use and placing of it, would disturb instead of intensifying the musical atmosphere surrounding the central idea. Well, it is impossible to judge what will be congruous unless one has very exactly seized the idea that is to be defended against incongruity. An obvious and detachable idea, common among Victorian poets, with a whirl of others about it: that is one way of writing. An implicit, a secreted idea, with nothing admitted that, by some mysterious correspondence between the vibration of the strings and the secret thought of the player, does not intensify the atmosphere of the idea: that is another way. It were impudence to dictate which the artist in literature shall adopt, as the better for himself. But for the critic there is nothing more dangerous than going to the writers whose ideas are, or seem to be, detachable. For, in truth, when we are dealing with ideas in art, they exist only in the particular expressions of them.

Montague, who had so many gifts and graces, was not in this book always quite enough alive to that art of atmospheric congruity. Somewhere in it he writes, in a quite serious context, of ideas emerging as easily recognizable as elephants. No doubt, it is an effective journalistic jog to the somnolent reader, though a reader asleep over Montague is a thing the imagination boggles at. But it is decidedly journalistic, in the bad sense, self-mistrustful and therefore nudging the reader. Montague was in some respects the most brilliant journalist of our time; and that he did not take with undue seriousness the conventional part of our trade, profoundly as he esteemed its nobler opportunities, is plain from his delightful extravaganza, 'A Hind Let Loose.' But he sometimes forgot that, whereas the journalist tends to strive for variety, the artist in literature is careful to secure monotony. The critic, certainly, unless he be of the cheap and heavily rewarded tribe of pseudo-critics who take criticism to be a pretext for epigrams, is anxious that nothing in his treatment of the subject shall intervene distractingly between the reader and the work of art or artist under discussion. His duty is to the subject, not to that reader who needs to be jabbed to sit up and listen. The late Andrew Lang thought otherwise, and qualified a great poet's elegies as "punctual," content to have laughter for his scratching, regardless of the distorting atmosphere he was creating about the subject.

But if Montague is sometimes to be found guilty of the same error, and even of the tiresome affectation of hearty colloquialism, he reveals a true perception of the dignity of criticism in his chapter on 'The Critic as Artist.' "A critic," he tells us, "differs from other literary artists in nothing but the accidents that his subjects are found in a special field of his own"; and where, it may be added, is the excuse for promoting the man who deals with a sunset over the man who deals with Shelley, a phenomenon not less real? Montague goes on in gallant protest against the belief, subconsciously entertained by many who are not otherwise Philistine, that the critic is in some sort a surveyor, a public analyst, or an inspector of nuisances. It is not as the servant of the public but as an artist that the true critic functions; it is by the principles of art, not by reference to direct public gain, that his work must be judged.

Montague, however, was under voluntary obligation most of his working life to be those other persons as well, and also the advocate of a political creed which, whatever its merits, is not instinctive enough, not antinomian enough, not traditional enough, to suit the artist. Our betters should better escape contagion; but it would be an excess of piety to deny that Montague's hand, if never subdued to what it worked in, like the dyer's, was tinged thereby. A man of rare intelligence, and in life, I

have been given to understand by some who knew him well, always somewhat aloof, he writes in this book of the mysteries of the author's craft; and it comes to us, with every appearance of propriety, in a beautifully produced limited edition, a bequest to initiates. But look closely into it, and he is now and then discovered writing of these *arcana urbi* (it is reported that Manchester is a city) *et orbi*, with the inevitable concessions.

It contains more than one judgment explicable only by unconscious momentary adoption of the popular view of a writer. Thus, Montague describes Mr. Kipling as the least literary of writers of his eminence. But, quite apart from the fact that Mr. Kipling, the nephew of Burne-Jones, had boyish access to the library of a headmaster who had belonged to the original Morris group, it is surely a commonplace of criticism that almost every poem by him, for all its tang of personality, is written frankly to a well-known mode, Old Testament, Border ballad, sea shanty, music-hall song, Horatian ode, or what not. We have to do, however, with a book not finally prepared for publication by its author. Doubtless, he would have deleted and amplified. Let us be thankful for what we are here given, especially for the pages on the "literary" drama, on being "only too clear," and on the limitations of rational criticism. This last, in the most significant part of it, is an examination of the criticism of the late Mr. William Archer; and it sends me back to the regret that Montague did not select a few writers—Landor and Pater for prose style; Keats, the English type of the artist in poetry; Trollope for unconscious and the later Mr. George Moore for conscious art in fiction—instead of working by chapters on this and that department of literature. Yet the last word must be gratitude. This man cared, as few in our day have cared, for the craft which he so brilliantly practised.

### WHAT IS KNOWLEDGE?

*The History of Science and its Relations with Philosophy and Religion.* By William Cecil Dampier-Whetham. Cambridge University Press. 18s.

TO paraphrase Pilate's question brings us no nearer to its answer; and the interesting and otherwise illuminating 'History of Science' which Mr. Dampier-Whetham has skilfully put together only serves to emphasize the seeming insolubility of the problem. Nor are the difficulties lessened by the vague and variable significance attached to many of the commoner terms employed by those formally engaged in the pursuit of truth. Even of the covering terms themselves—science, philosophy, religion—we have no clear definitions, no agreed meanings. Originally, no distinction was or could be drawn between science and philosophy. It was only as abstraction and specialization increased, and as theology, becoming more ritualized and dogmatic, became detached from philosophy, that the separate sciences also went their own several ways, remote from both. It is, indeed, confusing to speak of a history of science: a history of the sciences would be a more accurate description.

What we have come to regard as the scientific attitude is only a few centuries old; yet so remarkable have been the practical results that it is not surprising that scientists came at last to fancy that "physical science revealed the reality of things." But as Professor Eddington has emphasized, exact science "is concerned only with the readings of some physical instrument"; and, in the end, so far from helping us to understand the nature of the world of which we are part, "modern physics has undoubtedly made it almost incomprehensible." It is a fallacy to regard the abstractions which the physicists have created in order to give, as it were, psychic tangibility to their

ultimate analyses of that aspect of reality which they have made their province, as any less truly symbolic of real existence than those equally abstract pictures in which the plain "common-sense" mind sees "things" and events; and it would be an error to assume in these entities any element of concreteness. They are, in fact, as physicists now recognize, as much a product of logical analysis as are the entities of mathematics.

It is not easy to imagine a test whereby ultimate realities and absolute knowledge could be detected by the human mind. Not even the properties, much less the "nature," of a whole can be deduced from the properties of its parts. As has been said, "a blind man might know all physics, but never the sensation of seeing." Indeed, it seems that philosophy must ultimately appeal, as Whitehead has argued, to naïve experience rather than to the more deliberate abstractions of science; and it may be argued that the value of the latter is almost wholly practical, rather than philosophical.

Yet, while it is possible for a science successfully to disregard philosophy, philosophy cannot with impunity entirely disregard the finding of the sciences. These, it is true, only build up models of reality; but, if they prove to be consistent working models, internally harmonious, a sound philosophy must at least recognize their possible relevance to universal "reality."

A thing that strikes one again and again in reading Mr. Dampier-Whetham's book is that, even in his brief summaries of their doctrines, nearly all these scientists and philosophers are much more convincing on the constructive than on the destructive side. One feels that there is much truth in each of the doctrines they severally held, whereas their criticisms of predecessors and contemporaries generally lack understanding. Lately, philosophy and science have again come much more closely together—unfortunately not always in the right spirit. Distinguished men of science, realizing the hitherto unsuspected, artificial and utilitarian nature of their findings, are nowadays inclined to fix up hasty marriages with philosophy, without dropping their pre-marital habits of thinking and reasoning. Hence, a good deal of both the plausibility and the superficiality of contemporary philosophic writing. An unfortunate thing is that no two philosophers agree as to what is meant by "knowledge of the

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physical world"; while both the subject-matter and the possibilities of philosophy itself are equally in dispute. Internal coherence is perhaps the best validity test that we can apply to any of the sciences; but metaphysical conceptions must in addition possess intelligibility.

Reasoning man cannot happily live in a universe ruled by chance; and in a causeless and purposeless dance of atoms or electrons neither sciences nor philosophies are possible. We have got into the way of thinking that things and events are explained by what went before; and on that relation the sciences have hitherto concentrated. But the normal mind remains unsatisfied with the establishment of such sequences, valuable though a knowledge of them may be in the worlds of mechanics and of prophesy. In a very real sense, we all of us suspect that, in the words of W. B. Smith, "It is To-morrow and not Yesterday that makes To-day what it is." In other words, we demand an idea, as well as a sequence.

Perhaps the most interesting novelty—or rather revival—in the fundamental conceptions of contemporary science is that of "organism." It is suggested that this conception, though obviously biological in origin, may prove applicable even to the world of physics. It is, however, almost impossible to estimate the possibilities of such an extension until some attempt has been made logically to consider its implications. The sub-title of Mr. Dampier-Whetham's book indicates a relation between science and religion; and those chapters which are concerned with this relation are not the least interesting. The author's own attitude is expressed in words which the Vicar of Bray might have been proud to use: "It is possible to accept the fundamentals both of science and of religion, as enshrined in the form natural to each man, and wait patiently for time to resolve discrepancies." But religion, like philosophy and the sciences, calls for definition and clarification. As R. E. Collingwood said, "Religion always mistakes what it says for what it means; and rationalism runs about it pointing out that what it says is untrue." H. R.

### THE ARGONAUT BOOKS

*The Most Noble and Famous Travels of Marco Polo.* Edited, from the Elizabethan translation of John Frampton, by N. M. Penzer. Argonaut Press. £2 2s.

*The Voyages of the Cabots.* By James A. Williamson. Argonaut Press. £1 18s.

**E**VEN with human beings, sheer physical beauty—as every actor knows—may be as much a hindrance as an advantage, in the sense that it is apt to distract attention from the more solid qualities of character and intellect. And this is true also, in some degree, of books. It must be definitely irritating to Mr. N. M. Penzer, the general editor of the Argonaut travel books, to hear each of his new productions so often praised for its handsome appearance, its binding in quarter real goat vellum, with brightly coloured buckram sides, and its irreproachable printing by the Cambridge University Press, while hardly an attempt is made to appreciate the solid worth of the contents. It is his own fault, of course, for having such an eye for colour, and such courage in satisfying it. His new 'Marco Polo,' for instance, has gay canary yellow sides—a brave experiment, but entirely successful—well calculated to beguile the tired reviewer into talking about nothing else; or, even should one peep between the covers, there are typographical delights enough to keep him in a condition of lyrical enthusiasm, which is such a pleasant change nowadays, and so much less fatiguing than the business of literary and historical criticism.

Yet the truth is that both of these latest additions to the Argonaut list—the 'Marco Polo,' and the

'Cabots,' edited by Mr. J. A. Williamson—constitute really important additions to the literature of travel. In the former Mr. Penzer has used a little-known English translation of the sixteenth century, and it is surely unnecessary to insist upon the keen pleasure of reading the Venetian traveller's immortal story in the language of Hakluyt's time. The editor has also been carefully over the itineraries, checking them against the latest surveys of Sir Aurel Stein and other travellers, and has been able to throw new light upon many dark places. Finally, this is the first English edition of 'Marco Polo' which takes into account the important and even sensational discoveries of Professor Benedetto, whose eagerly awaited work was published in Florence in 1928. Professor Benedetto has said what may be the very last word on the Polian texts, and he has upset many of our previous ideas. The Argonaut edition, therefore, clearly supersedes anything published hitherto in our language. Mr. Penzer contributes a masterly introduction, and the illustrations include eleven new maps specially drawn to illustrate the latest view of the itineraries.

Mr. Williamson's book on the Cabots is of an essentially different character from that of any previous publication in this series. It cannot consist, as all the others have, of a consecutive text with editorial notes, for the simple reason that no such text exists. John Cabot wrote nothing, and his son Sebastian very little, that has survived. Probably, like Marco Polo, they were men of action rather than of words, and it never happened to either of them, as it did to Polo, to be imprisoned for a lengthy period, with nothing in the world to do except tell the story of one's life to any visitor who would listen. There is, however, a mass of subsidiary evidence about the voyages of the Cabots, and Mr. Williamson has used it here with extraordinary skill. He himself describes his book as "tough exercise" for the average reader; but we cannot believe that anyone with the faintest interest in the history of travel will willingly put it down, having once begun. In the first part of the book are gathered together the "original authorities"—contemporary news-letters, administrative documents, quotations from historians of the period, and so forth—many of which make excellent reading on their own account, quite apart from their connexion with the Cabots. The second part consists of Mr. Williamson's own narrative of the voyages, based upon these authorities. It is a sound and satisfying method. Here, as in the case of the 'Marco Polo,' we feel that the last word has been said about the Cabots—at any rate for many years to come. Nor is it necessary to add—not to anyone who has read his 'Sir John Hawkins'—that Mr. Williamson's style is a pleasure in itself, quite apart from his scholarship.

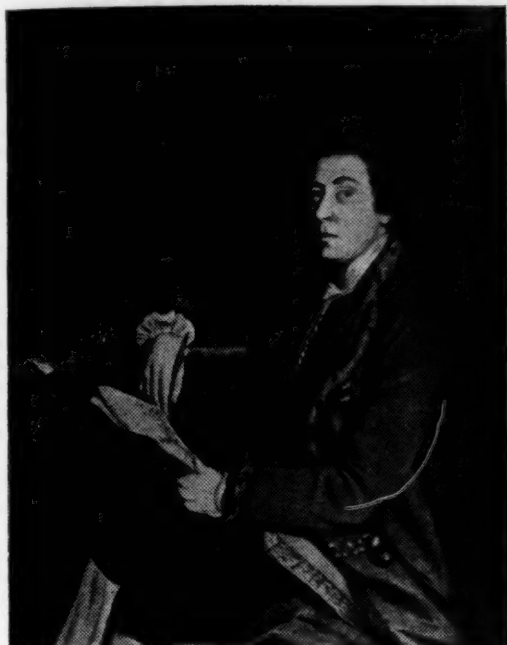
### MAKERS OF HISTORY

*Continental Statesmen.* By George Glasgow. Bles. 10s. 6d.

**M**R. GEORGE GLASGOW has rendered a service to all who are interested in foreign affairs by his character sketches of continental statesmen, etched against a background of politics and policy. He has a rather poor opinion of the qualities and abilities of the men who are making European history. "The eminently wise politicians of Europe," he says, "can be counted on one's fingers." But considerably more than eight statesmen are faithfully dealt with in his book.

The author has strong likes and dislikes and he may be said to have judged his men on the ground of whether or not they are what Mr. Gladstone used to call good Europeans. M. Briand emerges most successfully from the test and Mr. Glasgow calls him the most agreeable personality of our time. M. Briand is a great orator—the greatest that France has had since Jaurès

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Plate III, 16 x 13. "The Orgy." Showing the notorious *Rose Tavern*, Drury Lane.  
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died—and great oratory requires a certain quality of human sympathy and a capacity to put oneself in touch with the emotions, not necessarily the emotionalism, of great masses of men. That M. Briand has this quality is demonstrated by the story which Mr. Glasgow tells of the final scene at the signing of the Locarno Pact. M. Briand quoted from a letter which he had received from an anonymous correspondent: "Allow a mother of a family to congratulate you. At last I shall be able to look at my children without apprehension and to love them with some security." Those words, says Mr. Glasgow, made a greater impression throughout the world than all the rest of the ceremonial put together. A much less flattering picture is drawn of M. Poincaré, who is described as the political antithesis of M. Briand. His logic, his memory and his imagination are assailed, and his arithmetic, which has generally been regarded as one of his strong points, is declared to be "shaky." Mr. Glasgow says that some of M. Poincaré's figures in his notes about German reparations were a "museum of harmless amusement for morbid mathematicians."

Among the German portraits are those of Hindenburg, Dr. Marx, the Chancellor, and Dr. Schacht, the President of the Reichsbank, who has played such a prominent part recently at the Hague Conference. Hindenburg is said to be "gentle, subdued and broad-minded"; Dr. Marx "is a shock absorber who works constructively and talks little," while Dr. Schacht is depicted as a man with a highly developed sense of humour, a bizarre physique, a habit of wearing ill-fitting clothes and a high collar which he always puts on the wrong way. Dr. Schacht, who rescued Germany some years ago from the financial abyss, was once told by an American, "If you want to know what banking is you should come to New York, where we handle more millions than the rest of the world put together." "Any fool could be a successful banker," replied Dr. Schacht, "if he had more millions than the rest of the world put together. If you want to know what banking is you should come to Berlin, where we have to bank on nothing."

Mr. Glasgow reserves his most severe strictures for Mussolini. He rather surprisingly hints that the nerve of the Duce is failing as a result of the attempts which have been made upon his life, and in this connexion he mentions that on one occasion when Mussolini played with the idea of coming to London, he insisted on such stringent precautions being taken at the hotel where he was to stay that it was impossible to comply with them and the visit was in consequence cancelled. Only one man of first-class ability, according to Mr. Glasgow, has been able successfully to co-operate with Mussolini and that is Count Volpi, the Finance Minister who it is declared completely outwitted Mr. Churchill over the Italian debt settlement. While admitting that Mussolini has softened and matured a little in character and done some good, Mr. Glasgow doubts whether he will leave Italy or Europe better than he found them, and he thinks that the Fascist system will collapse when the masterful hand of the Dictator is relaxed. Mr. Glasgow, however, does not mention the Fascist Grand Council which was created last year with the express object of perpetuating the present system.

There is one notable omission in the author's portraits of the Bolshevik leaders. He has nothing to say about Stalin, "the man of steel" who is much the most powerful figure in the Soviet Republic to-day. He deals effectively with the crudities of Litvinoff, Rakovsky and Bukharin, who would be figures of burlesque if it were not for the fanatical faith which inspires them and the sinister forces which they control.

Mr. Glasgow believes that the traditional curse of Europe—fear, distrust, war—is to some extent related to the poor quality of the average European politician, combined with the abnormal prestige attaching to his name. The book is very readable and the portraits are drawn in a bold, vivid and realistic fashion.

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WRITING from the standpoint of a late nineteenth-century German or a sixteenth-century Florentine, Mr. Roosevelt examines the material condition of his country as compared with its rivals, and in particular with the rival, England. He finds that while America is immeasurably the most powerful State in the world, she is prevented from making her power really felt by various factors, among which are her political apathy, her inexperience of world affairs, her lack of assurance in the perfection of her own civilization, and the fact that she is exploited and "done down" at every turn by the superior cunning in negotiation and propaganda of British emissaries. These handicaps, being of a purely psychological nature, can in time be overcome by education and propaganda, and then the United States will stand forth in their might as the masters of the Universe. It is to this ideal that Mr. Roosevelt appears to have dedicated his very considerable knowledge and abilities; in fact, he preaches the invincibility of American resources directed on the whole with a spirit and policy adopted from England's example.

No doubt we ought to find it very flattering to be held up (so far as world politics are concerned), as the exemplar for an untutored America. Unfortunately, however, the exemplar is not to be actual English policy but Mr. Roosevelt's version of it, which is a curiously distinct phenomenon. And since false history has already been the cause of so much international trouble on both sides of the Atlantic it is this aspect with which we must particularly deal.

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We are, of course, quite accustomed to the usual few paragraphs of erroneous historical introduction with which the majority of books of this class begin, and it is perhaps a trivial point except to the band of the White Cockade that the author should quite savagely attack Charles I (whom he appears to confuse with Charles II) for letting the English navy down, when that misguided king partly lost his crown through his exactions in building it up. Cromwell, a better politician, has always taken the credit for this. But when an elaborate prophetic comparison is based on the idea that England immediately after the Napoleonic Wars emerged as flourishing as America after the last one, and was able "to avoid armed intervention in Europe between the Napoleonic Wars and 1914," it is time to refer Mr. Roosevelt to his history-book. Such inaccuracies and misrepresentations increase as we get nearer to-day. It will be news in this country that we used the Americans as a convenient excuse for dropping the Japanese alliance, and the chapter in which we are given the entire blame for wrecking the Geneva Naval Conference without such an illustrious name as that of Mr. Shearer being even mentioned is (coming at such a moment) a prize specimen of that ineptitude in foreign affairs with which Mr. Roosevelt reproaches his countrymen.

To bring up such vexed questions as the Stevenson scheme of rubber restriction without mentioning the previous plight of the planters, or the attempt to limit American share-holding in English essential services without admitting that there is any aspect to the question other than wilful interference with legitimate business, is a travesty of the fairness essential to any such survey as the author has undertaken. Any consideration of the present world over-production in sugar, not to speak of industrial rationalization generally, must show that however ill-advised the Stevenson scheme may have been there is a case for organized adaptation of supply to demand where competition is ruining an industry. And the desirability of an American-owned British electricity trust in case of national emergency (as in 1926) is not purely a commercial question. Mr. Roosevelt does his case no more good by such treatment than by his specious attempt to equate the "insularity" of America with that of England in terms of maritime necessity.

He has evidently taken much trouble over the economic documentation of the book, which is excellent, and there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his belief in an Anglo-American understanding based upon the omnipotence of the State in each case following its narrowest self-interest. Nevertheless, the spirit of his work is too many centuries out of date for his views to stand much hope of acceptance in the English-speaking world.

### FIJI AND SAMOA

*Life in the Pacific Fifty Years Ago.* By Alfred P. Maudslay. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

**T**HIS account of the first thirty years of a life which began in 1850 is written in so light-hearted a fashion that it leaves the reader wishing there was more, which, as Mr. Samuel Weller justly observed, is the great aim of all literature.

Mr. Maudslay begins with an amusing sketch of his school days at Harrow, where he seems to have been very much out of his element. He was something like Martin in 'Tom Brown's School Days,' happiest when he could get away into what was then a bit of wild woodland and study birds or catch fish for his tea. The much vaunted "classical education" of the Victorian era showed at its worst in such a case, though, as Mr. Joyce points out, the "primitive

social complex" of a great public school in other respects gave the author "exactly that training which enabled him to deal successfully with primitive peoples." Mr. Maudslay was also lucky to come in contact at Cambridge with a Don who, though the shyest of men, had the true spirit of adventure, and had spent one long vacation in getting up to Khiva—then most jealously guarded by the Russians—in the conventional clerical attire of black coat, white tie and tall hat. On another long vacation trip it fell to his lot to be stripped by brigands in Mexico, where it was then the practice to place a supply of newspapers and safety pins under the seats of the coach, so that if brigands appeared the passengers might have the wherewithal for decency. Such a man's influence must have strongly affected young Maudslay.

An accidental meeting on one of his early voyages gained him the post of private secretary to a minor Colonial governor—a queer, half-mad creature, whose ways are amusingly described. Thence he passed to Fiji, which Sir Arthur Gordon—afterwards Lord Stanmore—was then leading from cannibalism to civilization. The account of those islands is full of vigour and interest, and it is curious to note that the boy who had passed through Harrow without learning a word of Latin or Greek was speedily making fluent speeches to the Fijians in their own tongue. Mr. Maudslay was afterwards sent as Consul to Samoa, then in the first throes of the turmoil which Stevenson described at a later stage in his 'Foot-note to History.' His skill in handling natives brought about the voluntary cession of Samoa to this country, which was so unfortunately rejected—no doubt for good European reasons—by the home Government of the day. It is all very readable, and we specially value the description of life on the Pacific islands at a stage which has now irrevocably passed away.

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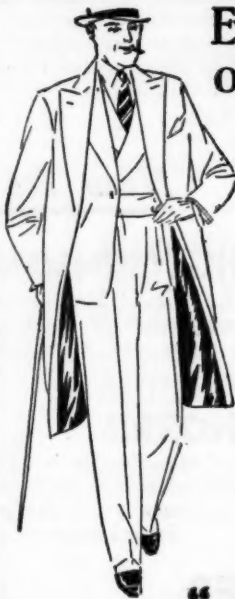
NO doubt they are salutary and necessary, but one tires of them, these novels that demonstrate only too effectively the futility of modern life. Mr. Aldous Huxley adorns them with erudition and wit, Mr. Evelyn Waugh enlivens them with humour and high spirits, but they remain ultimately depressing. They agree with anarchy, they consent to chaos. They are renegades from art, they are hostile to its spirit. Their authors do not, it appears, believe in their own material; they are novelists, but all their efforts go to show that life, which is their subject-matter, is not susceptible of being fashioned into a work of art. The effect of art is to revitalize the human spirit and strengthen its hold on life. But how can it do this if it tacitly acknowledges that its medium is inadequate? A sculptor who disliked working in marble, and thought it a bad medium for his art, would, I imagine, refrain from employing it; he would not add statue to statue merely to prove to the world that marble was not a good substance to make a statue from—to discredit marble as a vehicle of æsthetic inspiration. But this is what many novelists do. Their object seems to be to discredit their own medium, life, to proclaim it to the world as something out of which art cannot be made. And just as anyone familiar with the work of my imaginary sculptor would see in an uncut block of marble no artistic potentialities, so readers of these novels, looking at life, will see no sense nor meaning in it, nothing on which the mind can impose an order. And their spirits will sink, as mine do.

It is sad that Mr. Gerhardt should be a recruit to this dismal company. Hitherto its champions have been writers whose literary gifts have been fostered, mainly, by literature; whose second-hand knowledge of life has somehow precluded them from a direct participation in it. They make no secret of this, nor of the fact that, though they enjoy vicariously the thoughts and experiences of others, they derive no satisfaction from their own. But the outstanding mark of Mr. Gerhardt's work was his ability to enjoy the pleasures of experience; his sense of humour was delightful because he could laugh with his characters as well as at them. He felt no hostility towards other people as such: he was one of the most charitable and warm-hearted of modern novelists. His English was not always impeccable, but his attitude towards life was amazingly mature for so young a writer; the exasperations of adolescence seemed to have passed him by.

In *'Pending Heaven'* many of these qualities are preserved, and his English is better than it was. The occasional lapses—"This was love, deep love at last. And it was responded"—are rare. But there have crept into Mr. Gerhardt's mind an impatience with life and a tendency to look over its edge, into vacuity. His hero is a well-meaning young man who accumulates women round him, almost a harem. He lives all over the place, but chiefly in London and in the South of France. The people he runs into, especially those who belong to the Latin races, are drawn with abundant humour and are a pleasure to read about. This is largely because, their hearts being fixed unalterably on eating and drinking and money-making, they have

just that stability which Max Fisher and his attendant damsels lack. Max is not a stupid man—he is clever and charming and quick-witted; but he lives a stupid, aimless life, out of which he gets little because he puts little in. His emotional reactions are swift and natural as the movements of his mind, but mind and heart are beset by a distressing frivolity which cripples both. He loves to perplex his intelligence with counsels of perfection and difficult sayings culled from the great minds of the past, but his mental bewilderment is only a pretext for inactivity. He lets things slide until disease comes to rid him of the problems he had never really tried to solve. *'Pending Heaven'* is a disappointing book, its humanity and humour made of small effect by the intellectual *malaise* that overtakes it before the end.

At first sight *'Time, Gentlemen! Time!'* seems like another attack on our weary, long-suffering civilization. Grey, drab, squalid, hopeless, all these well-worn epithets fit it like a glove. It is the story of a few days in the lives of a drunken Irish solicitor and his wife, who eke out a wretched existence in a London suburb. The wife, one of Miss Hoult's poor but admirable women, stays at home trying to keep the flag of respectability flying, trying to defeat the curiosity of the neighbours, trying to make one crust of bread do duty for two, trying to awake in her husband a spark of self-respect. . . . A life of continual effort. Mr. Carmichael, on the other hand, one of Miss Hoult's poor but not pitiable men, spends his time in avoiding all but the semblance of effort, and in calling in physical aids to his moral consolation. At home he is nothing—the victim of his wife's soured temper and irritable tongue; in the public-house, surrounded by his cronies and being stood drinks, he can almost believe himself a hero. The book has the unity of a short story—indeed, it is really a short story, expanded into a novel. It is beautifully constructed, and though apparently realistic in treatment,



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it has that independence of the temporal and the particular which belongs to all true works of art. It points no moral, though it seems inspired by a conviction in the author's mind that men must drink and women must weep.

'Five Sisters,' though it contains a catalogue of misfortunes which would furnish the two previous novels and leave something over, is, nevertheless, much more sanguine in its general effect. The sisters are well off; perhaps that makes the difference. They live together in a villa in the south of France, and if one needs a series of brandies and soda, another wants to spend some months in Rome, another to cure herself of tuberculosis in a sanatorium, another to make repeated expeditions to Nice to get copy for her novel, they all have the means at their disposal. But they are born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward; and being in trouble of some kind is so natural to them that they do not fret about it. In this matter, I think, Mrs. Kazarine shows a greater knowledge of life than does either Mr. Gerhardt or Miss Hoult. Those who have served a long apprenticeship in misfortune get to regard it as their proper element and adjust their standards of happiness accordingly. They do not despair because none of their mistresses is quite satisfactory or because a husband drinks more than he should. They console themselves somehow. In 'Five Sisters' Mrs. Kazarine has paid a fine tribute to the resilience of human nature.

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## SHORTER NOTICES

*Europe in Zigsags.* By Sisley Huddleston. Harrap. 21s.

SO good a political journalist as Mr. Huddleston has shown a poor regard for his reputation in turning out such a book as this. Expensive and pretentiously produced, it contains an irreconcilably incongruous mixture of purple passages in true Hollywood vein, inferior guide-book descriptions of European scenes, flimsy chat about celebrities together with a considerable quantity of illuminating discussion of the political problems and personalities which the author really knows something about.

It is difficult to imagine the sort of audience for which this curious mixed grill is intended, and we cannot help feeling that Mr. Huddleston would have done much better to curtail the scope and length of his book by about sixty per cent., producing a readable and well-informed sketch of the European situation instead of what he has produced. When he writes:

Briand in France is regarded as the great peace-maker, the apostle of European reconciliation, and it is generally forgotten that he is chiefly responsible for the policy of alliances which has been steadily pursued behind the façade of the League of Nations; that he is the man who first began the occupation of the Ruhr, when he seized the key-towns of Ruhrort, Duisbourg, and Dusseldorf [sic], and that he was Prime Minister when the unfair partition of Upper Silesia was effected, and when Germany's debt was fixed at the impossible sum of 132 milliard gold marks.

he is giving us the sort of thing which not many others could supply, in spite of his carelessness on small points; when he writes on the beauties of Italy or Spain, the tourist attractions of Austria or the value of futurism in art he is only doing what is being done by hundreds of writers, mostly rather better. It is a pity that Mr. Huddleston should succumb to this tendency to neglect the valuable contributions which he is capable of making towards European understanding by a series of sentimental excursions whose value even in terms of circulation seems open to doubt.

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*The Trial of Browne and Kennedy.* Edited by W. Teignmouth Shore. (Notable British Trials Series.) Edinburgh: Hodge. 10s. 6d.

THE editor of this latest addition to the Notable British Trials Series admits frankly, in his introduction, that "to the student of crime the case presents little of interest." That is true enough; psychologically it is almost barren ground. Browne, the chief murderer, was a cold-blooded, calculating villain; Kennedy a weak degenerate, who would have joined in any crime so long as he was not expected to take the initiative. The only points of unusual interest in this case are, first, the cruel barbarity of the last two shots, fired, with deliberate aim, into the dying policeman's eyes; and the dramatic arrest of the two murderers, four months after the crime, following upon one of the most patient and successful pieces of detective investigation ever carried out by Scotland Yard. Apart from that, there is hardly anything to say. Browne, though an Englishman, was blood brother of the Chicago gunmen. The shooting of Police-constable Gutteridge occurred at a moment (October, 1927) when crimes of violence had been made much easier, owing to the "arrival" of the motor-car. It was particularly important just then to show the world that, whatever might happen in Ireland and America, the English people were not afraid of gunmen and would not tolerate them in their midst. We proved that in a whole succession of cases, among which the tracking down and hanging of Browne and Kennedy was not the least impressive.

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AN omnibus edition of the humorous stories of the late Barry Pain only confirms previous impressions. It is, for instance, a perfectly safe book to read in a tube-train or other public place, for Barry Pain never forces you to laugh out loud. There are no surprises here and no rich humour of the Jacobs kind. Barry Pain was not naturally a funny man. He got his effects by his dexterity as a story teller, by his lightness of touch, and by a neatness of phraseology which often approached (and sometimes attained to) wit. Mr. Alfred Noyes even maintains that "some of his short stories are among the best in the language," and calls him "devastatingly funny" and "devastatingly true." Be that as it may, Eliza is undoubtedly a great creation; and Alphonse, Harris, Mrs. Murphy and the rest, though obviously inferior, cut better figures beside her in this book than might have been expected. Alphonse in particular: his proud boast that "there is not perhaps six waiters in the whole of London who can apologize so well as me" is something that every admirer of Barry Pain will be glad to be reminded of.

*Ur of the Chaldees.* By C. Leonard Woolley. Benn. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a brief and popular account of the excavations carried out at Ur during the last seven years by the joint expedition of the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania under the leadership of Mr. C. L. Woolley. The full official report is in preparation, but will not be ready for some time, and is not likely even then to make easy reading for the layman. In the meantime Mr. Woolley

gives us this excellent description, in simple unscientific language, of what has been achieved up to date. For instance, they have found convincing evidence of the Flood, which—in Mesopotamia, at any rate—was on a scale fully commensurate with the biblical account; and they have established King Sargon, so long regarded as mythical by the higher critics, as a real, historical figure; and they have excavated houses of the date when Abraham was at Ur, and Mr. Woolley gives an interesting reconstruction of one of them among his illustrations. There is even an alabaster relief which it is tempting to describe straight away as a portrait of Noah and his Ark. In fact, as Mr. Woolley says, the general tendency of the discoveries is to show once more that "however miraculous a tale may be, its setting must have a certain verisimilitude, must contain some element of truth." This is a fascinating, thought-provoking book.

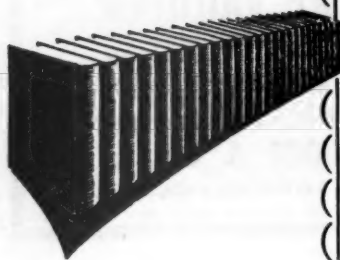
*Jungle Gods.* By Carl von Hoffman. Constable. 10s.

FROM the biographical note prefixed to this fascinating book we learn that Captain von Hoffman was born in Riga some forty years ago, that he fought with distinction in the Russo-Japanese war and then settled in the United States, where he became a successful cinema photographer. He has made more than one journey in Africa for professional purposes, his last trip taking him the whole way from Cairo to the Cape in 1925-6 and providing the material for two popular films. One of them, under the same title as the present volume, dealt with the tribal life, manners and customs of the Lalas, who inhabit a wild region of mountains and plains lying to the south of Lake Tanganyika, in North-Eastern Rhodesia. In a series of studies and stories which have the characteristic rapidity and vividness of the cinema, Captain von Hoffman recounts the knowledge which he acquired in his stay among the grass-thatched huts of the Lalas, a very interesting race, once formidable in war but now rather fallen from their former estate. He seems to know the natives well and writes admirably.

*Annals of a Chequered Life.* By Arthur Montagu Brookfield. Murray. 15s.

THIS entertaining book is a worthy addition to the five or six volumes bearing the name of Brookfield which are justly prized by those who love biography. Colonel Brookfield is the son of Thackeray's "Frank Whitestock," and the early recollections which occupy his first dozen chapters carry us back to the London of Pendennis and David Copperfield. The author knew an old gentleman whose father had shot a snipe in Eaton Place—an almost incredible relic of antiquity! His account of the early Victorian fashions, both in dress and in amusements, for all its brevity, is a valuable commentary on the work of Thackeray. The author next carries us to India, whither he proceeded with a commission in the 13th Hussars, and gives a lively description of the pre-Kipling era. There is a striking vignette of General Olpherts, the famous V.C. of the Mutiny, who was appropriately known to the troops as "Hell-fire Jack." Political life in England follows, and then we are transported to the South African war, in which the author served with zeal and bad luck. With spirits undashed by financial disaster, Colonel Brookfield paints a cheerful picture of his later career as Consul at Dantzig.

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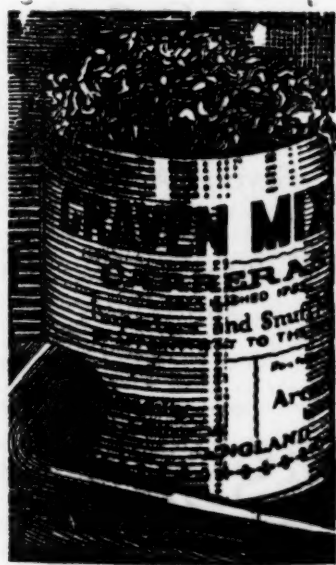
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7. Full of kind feeling for the woes of others.
8. Calves my young sisters are, or my young brothers.
9. He's the Destroyer! Off his tail must come.
10. An art that's never practised by the dumb.
11. Pith of the very soil on which you stand.
12. Two loving hearts we join in Hymen's band.

## PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears.

## RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 412

- |                         |  |
|-------------------------|--|
| B u Bble <sup>1</sup>   | 1 Macbeth, iv. 1.  |
| L iqu Id                | 2 Diana had given Cephalus a dart which always hit the mark. He shot his wife                                    |
| U nerrin G <sup>2</sup> | Procris, hidden in a bush, thinking that a wild beast had made the leaves rustle.                                |
| E lia B <sup>3</sup>    | Ovid's Metamorphoses, vii. 840.  |
| B aa L <sup>4</sup>     | David's eldest brother. "I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart."                                   |
| O U                     | Sam. xvii. 28.   |
| T ongu E <sup>5</sup>   | 4 1 Kings xviii. 40.   |
| T hysel F               | 5 James iii. 8.  |
| L ea L <sup>6</sup>     | 6 In her well-known song. "The Land of the Leal" is heaven, not Scotland, as Mr. Gladstone at one time supposed. |
| E asil Y                |  |

ACROSTIC No. 412.—The winner is Mrs. Maud Crowther, 22 Cunliffe Villas, Bradford, who has selected as her prize 'Her Privates We,' by Private 19022, published by David; and reviewed by us on February 8 under the title of 'New Fiction.' Four other competitors named this book, 19 chose 'Doctor Serocold,' 12 'No Man's Land,' 10 'Mr. Lloyd George: a Study,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Armadale, E. Barrett, Bolo, Boote, Bookerris, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, Miss Carter, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Clam, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, D. L., Ursula D'Ott, M. East, C. W. S. Ellis, Fossil, G. M. Fowler, Gay, Glamis, D. L. Haldane-Porter, Jeff, John Lennie Madge, Martha, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Margaret Owen, Dr. Pearse, Quis, Robinsky, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Thora, D. E. Tosswill, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, Willoughby, W. P. J.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, Bargee, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Buns, Bertram R. Carter, Chip, Coque, R. J. Fletcher, Mrs. Greene, Iago, Jop, Lilian, Margaret, H. de R. Morgan, Shorwell, C. J. Warden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Miss Moore, Peter, Rho Kappa, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

Light 7 baffled 22 solvers; Light 3, 5; Light 6, 4; Light 2, 3; Light 4, 2; Lights 5 and 8, 1.

MARGARET.—Please note that alternatives are not permitted, even though more than one coupon is sent in. Corrections may be made, but solvers must decide on one word; in fairness to others, nobody can be allowed two guesses.

J. LENNIE.—Solvers who prefer to work without any assistance are not obliged to use the clue afforded in my circular—nor even to read the poems!

ACROSTIC No. 411.—Correct: Jop.

CEYX.—An Enchanter, according to the dictionaries, is "one who has spirits or demons at his command." We usually think of magicians and witches as calling up evil spirits, not as driving them away.

## Company Meetings

## BOVRIL PROGRESS

## RECORD EXPANSION IN SALES

Presiding at the Thirty-Third Annual General Meeting of Bovril Limited, held on Wednesday, February 19 at River Plate House, London, the Chairman, Lord Luke, said that not only did the sales of Bovril in 1929 surpass all previous records but the increase was at an accelerated pace. The year showed a larger increase over its predecessor than has been achieved in any previous year with the one exception of 1919 when conditions were abnormal. They had been restricted with regard to overseas sales in 1914-1918 and went forward with a bound when the restriction was removed.

## OVER 300,000 HEAD ON ARGENTINE ESTATES

The Argentine Estates of Bovril Limited's herd had been gradually creeping up in size as well as quality—the last record sent home showed the stock to be 310,000, which, he thought, must be the largest herd under one ownership in the Argentine. The numbers on the Bovril Australia Estates were considerably smaller, though the area of land was so much greater than the Argentine holding.

## NO "SINKING FEELING" ABOUT OVERSEAS SALES

He had told them at the last meeting that each year since the war had shown an increase in the export of Bovril, and again, he could say that in 1929 overseas sales had exceeded 1928 and its predecessors. They had every reason to be pleased with their world-wide sales progress.

## WORLD TOUR OF INSPECTION

In the latter half of 1929, he went round the world visiting many of the agencies. He arrived in Canada last August on his way to Australia. Not having time to go to the United States on that occasion, he invited certain of those with whom they did business to see him on his way through Canada, and business friends from Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, met him in Montreal. He was apologetic at bringing them so far to save his time, but found that they were quite pleased to pay a visit to Canada, especially at that time of the year. On that trip, he did not enter the United States, unless he could have been said to have done so on landing at Honolulu, the American island between Vancouver and Auckland, New Zealand. With the exception of that, and Egypt and the short cut across France, he did not land anywhere that was not purely British on his journey round the world.

## BOVRIL A "PUBLIC INSTITUTION"

Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., F.R.S., said he had been recalling that an Irish gentleman, who, like their Chairman, Lord Luke, was interested in hospitals and charities, upon one occasion, when appealing for funds for a special hospital, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, most public institutions have their ups and downs, but unfortunately, in the case of this hospital, the downs have been in the ascendent."

Well, it must, he thought, be satisfactory to them that day to realize that in the case of the public institution with which they were concerned (that is to say, Bovril) the ups had been in the ascendent, for the consumption of Bovril last year was higher than it had ever been before. Its praises were in all men's mouths and in all women's also. It grew steadily in public favour.

The fact was there, that the sales of Bovril during 1929 had exceeded all previous records, and in view of that fact he was not going to trouble them with much of the testimony as to its merits that was constantly flowing in from all quarters, but there were one or two incidents illustrative of its utility that he would like to mention.

## THE LOST AUSTRALIAN AIRMEN

They would recollect that the fliers by the Southern Cross came down in the wilds of Australia last April, and were given up as lost. Well, when they were ultimately discovered by the relief aeroplane, in the first parcel of food dropped to the starving men was Bovril, which proved immediately restorative.

Major Court Treatt, in his expedition to the Sudan last autumn, took with him a supply of Bovril, and he wrote to say that he found it excellent, unaffected by climatic conditions, and invaluable in cases of sickness or debility after fevers.

That was in the Tropics, and in contrast to that it must be remembered that Shackleton went armed with Bovril on his Antarctic expedition, and that Bovril formed part of the outfit of the good ship *Discovery* in which Sir Douglas Mawson was at present adventuring in Antarctic, and that the evidence was clear that at very low temperatures the proteins and amino-acids contained in Bovril were eminently sustaining.

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**D**ESPITE the fact that many interesting balance sheets for 1929 are being issued, business on the Stock Exchange continues at low ebb. We are passing through a period of "political" markets, and while this continues one is not justified in anticipating any great change in general conditions.

The Home Railway dividends more than justified expectations, the Great Western Railway distribution of 7½ per cent. for 1929 being even more generous than generally anticipated. It may therefore surprise investors to note that, despite these satisfactory pronouncements, prices in the Home Railway market have receded in each case from the levels ruling when the dividends were announced. The explanation of this apparent anomaly lies in the fact that anyone purchasing Home Railway ordinary stocks after the dividends were announced must be doing so either with the object of obtaining a profit from a further rise in the price of the stock, or as an investment on the basis of 1929 yields. In either case, the deciding factor as to whether the bargain will prove a good or a bad one will rest not with 1929 achievements but with 1930 results, and fears are already entertained that this time next year the Home Railway figures will not prove as satisfactory as they have done for 1929. This opinion is based on the fact that working costs are likely to be higher, partly as a result of the arrangement by which wages are to be advanced by 2½ per cent. in May of this year, and partly by fears that the Coal Bill, now before Parliament, will add materially to the expenditure on the 15,000,000 tons of coal used by our Home Railways annually. In addition, there is a general feeling that the industry of the country is showing no signs of improvement, and, therefore, goods traffics are likely to suffer. It is for these reasons that Home Railways are being neglected. As a certain amount of stock was purchased by short-turn operators in anticipation of the dividends, when these were announced sellers came into the market, and as there were no fresh buyers, quotations have suffered.

The Underground Company increased their dividend to 8 per cent., and, deriving their income from passenger carrying and not goods traffic, it is reasonable to assume the maintenance of the existing rate, any increase in expenditure in coal probably being counterbalanced by enlarged traffic receipts as a result of the continued expansion of Outer London areas covered by the company's subsidiaries. At the present level, Underground ordinary shares appear a thoroughly sound and promising medium for investment. A similar opinion can be expressed as regards Metropolitan Railway ordinary stock, which, at the present price, certainly would appear to possess possibilities in view of last year's 4 per cent. distribution.

## OLYMPIA LIMITED

On Monday of next week the public will be invited to subscribe for 450,000 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each and a similar number of ordinary share of 5s. each in Olympia Limited. This company was incorporated on April 18 last year for the purpose of acquiring the freehold land and building at West Kensington known as Olympia and certain other adjacent properties. Since the company acquired

Olympia, extensive and important improvements have been made to the property, including the erection of the New Empire Hall. This building is nearly completed and the first two floors are now being utilized for the British Industries Fair. For 1929 net profits amounted to £100,381 and the ordinary shares received dividends at the rate of 11 per cent. per annum. I consider the preference shares to be offered on Monday an attractive well-secured investment, while the ordinary shares at 5s. possess undoubted possibilities. Applicants for preference shares have the right to apply for, and have allotted to them, one ordinary share in respect of each preference share allotted. Applications for ordinary shares alone will not be accepted. The issue is to provide for the costs of the extensions and improvements to Olympia.

## COURTAULD

The Courtauld report included a final dividend of 6 per cent. free of tax, making, with the interim dividend of 4 per cent., 10 per cent. free of tax, which compares with 15 per cent. free of tax paid for 1928. This decrease in dividend was in accordance with market anticipations. The very substantial falling off in profits and the vast sum that the directors considered it necessary to utilize in writing down their Continental investments has forcibly brought home to investors the fact that the Rayon industry is passing through very difficult times, and the outlook continues to be uncertain. Considerable interest will be shown in Mr. Samuel Courtauld's remarks at the forthcoming meeting, when it can be safely assumed that he will refer in detail to the silk duties. Although Courtaulds are passing through a difficult period, it is reasonably safe to assume that the company will eventually recover some of its lost prosperity. Should the shares have a further setback on a pessimistic utterance by Mr. Courtauld at the forthcoming meeting, the opportunity may be a unique one to acquire Courtauld shares, not as a quick-turn operation, but to lock away for the next year or two, during which period it is hoped the position will take a turn for the better.

## CHARTERED

Another interesting report issued last week-end was that of the British South Africa Company. This showed that the increased bonus distribution was not due to an increase in the ordinary revenue of the company, but was caused by profits made on the sale of investments. As was only to be expected, the company's consulting mining engineer included in the report much matter of considerable interest dealing with the Northern Rhodesian copper field. There appears little doubt that Rhodesia possesses in this comparatively new field mineral wealth of great value. In certain directions this appears to be over-discounted by the high levels at which the shares of the companies exploiting this area are standing. Investors should realize that the safest way to acquire an interest in this new field is by the purchase of shares in the Chartered Company, as this does not present such a great speculative risk as the purchase of shares of the actual companies concerned entails.

TAURUS

## COMPANY MEETING

In this issue will be found a report of the meeting of Bovril Limited.

**NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE**  
**INSURANCE Co., Ltd.** Total Funds Exceed £37,466,700. Total Income Exceeds £10,775,800  
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## PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

**OLYMPIA LIMITED**

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1908 to 1917)

**CAPITAL**

Authorised.

£1,000,000 in 1,000,000 7 per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each	£850,000
£500,000 in 2,000,000 Ordinary Shares of 5/- each	£425,000

£1,500,000

Issued or  
Proposed to be  
Issued.

£1,275,000

The Subscription Lists will open on Monday next for an

ISSUE AT PAR

of

**450,000 7% Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each**

and

**450,000 Ordinary Shares of 5s. each****DIRECTORS:**

PHILIP ERNEST HILL, 15, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1 (Chairman, Covent Garden Properties Company, Limited), Chairman.

LEO FREDERIC ALFRED D'ERLANGER, Park House, Rutland Gate, London, S.W.7 (Director, Erlangers Limited).

CLAUD FRANCIS GODDARD, of Messrs. Goddard &amp; Smith, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, 22, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1.

PAUL STANLEY MAY, Surveyor (late Senior Partner of Messrs. May &amp; Rowden, Auctioneers and Estate Agents), Polebrook, Hever, Kent.

LOUIS NICHOLAS, 55 &amp; 56, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, Chartered Accountant.

REGINALD GARDINER HEATON, Gays House, Holyport, Berks (Director of International Horse Show, Limited), Managing Director.

*The Prospectus will show that:*

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Since its acquisition in April last, extensive alterations have been made. These include the erection of an imposing four-storey edifice known as "Empire Hall," extensive workshops, the construction of a large car park and a bridge providing direct connection with Addison Road Station.

Profits for the past seven years have been as follows:—

Year to 31st December, 1923	£70,816
" " " " 1924	£57,285
" " " " 1925	£77,830
" " " " 1926	£67,007
" " " " 1927	£81,940
" " " " 1928	£90,760
" " " " 1929	£100,381

Net profit for 1930 is estimated at £142,500, and when the new "Empire Hall" is finally completed, the net profit is estimated at £162,500 per annum.

The estimated income for 1930 is sufficient to cover the Preference Dividend practically twice, leaving a balance available for the Ordinary Shares equivalent to over 13½ per cent. per annum, or 18 per cent. when the new "Empire Hall" is completed.

The Preference Capital issued and now to be offered for subscription is covered twice by net assets (valued at £2,254,432) apart from Goodwill. No sum is included in the Company's Balance Sheet for Goodwill.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained from the:—

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**H** ARROGATE COLLEGE.—Five Entrance Scholarships are open for competition for September 1930, to girls between the ages of 12 and 15; value £90 to £50. Latest date for returning Entry Forms, March 15. Full particulars may be obtained from Headmistress's Secretary.

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## 'Saturday Review' Acrostics: 22.2.1930

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Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

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